
THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

VOLUME THIRD.

Containing

TAMING OF THE SHREW,
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS
WELL,

TWELFTH NIGHT : OR,
WHAT YOU WILL,
THE WINTER'S TALE,
MACBETH.



English
Dramatick
WORKS
Of
William Shakespear.

PRINTED COMPLETE

From the best Editions of

Samuel Johnson

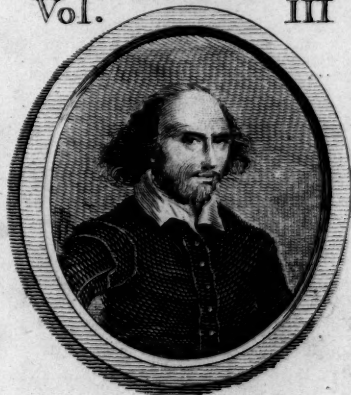
GEORGE STEVENS

And
J. Malone

To which is prefixed
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Vol.

III



EDINBURGH

PRINTED for W. GORDON, N. R. CHEYNE, I. & I. FAIRBAIRN, & SIL-
VESTER DOIG, Edinburgh. I. LACKINGTON, London. W. COKE,
Leith, & W. ANDERSON, Stirling. MDCCXCII.



TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Vol. III.

CHARACTERS IN THE INDUCTION.

A Lord, before whom the Play is supposed to be play'd.
Christopher Sly, a drunken Tinker.
Hostels.
Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending
on the Lord.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

Baptista, Father to Katharina and Bianca; very rich.
Vincentio, an old Gentleman of Pisa.
Lucentio, Son to Vincentio, in Love with Bianca.
Petruchio, a Gentleman of Verona, a Suitor to Katharine.
Gremio, } Pretenders to Bianca.
Hortensio, }
Tranio, } Servants to Lucentio.
Biondello, }
Grumio, Servant to Petruchio.
Pedant, an old Fellow set up to personate Vincentio.

WOMEN.

Katharina, the Shrew.
Bianca, her Sister.
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher; with Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE, sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an Alehouse on a Heath. Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly.

I'LL pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide: *Seffa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the third-borough. [Exit.]

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [Falls asleep.]

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from Hunting, with a Train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds: Brach Merriman—the poor cur is imbolt—

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good

At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?

I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Hunt. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;

He cried upon it at the meekest loss,

And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:

Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,

I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
 But sup them well, and look unto them all;
 To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hunt. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth
 he breathe?

Hunt. He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm
 with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
 Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
 Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—
 What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
 Wrap'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
 A most delicious banquet by his bed,
 And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
 Would not the beggar then forget himself?

Hunt. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

Hunt. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.
 Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—
 Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
 And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
 Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
 And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet;
 Procure me music ready when he wakes,
 To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
 And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
 And, with a low submissive reverence,
 Say—What is it your honour will command?
 Let one attend him with a silver basin,
 Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
 Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
 And say—Will't please your lordship cool your hands?
 Some one be ready with a costly suit,
 And ask him what apparel he will wear;
 Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
 And that his lady mourns at his disease:
 Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;

And,

And, when he says he is—say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle firs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 Hunt. My lord, I warrant you we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—

[*Some bear out SLY. Sound Trumpets.*]

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds :—
Belike, some noble gentleman, that means, [*Exit Servant.*]
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

[*Re-enter a Servant.*]

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your honour, players,
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near :—

[*Enter Players.*]

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Play. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son ;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well :
I have forgot your name ; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sincklo. I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true ;—thou didst it excellent.—

Well, you are come to me in happy time ;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night ;
But I am doubtful of your modesties ;
Left, over-eying of his odd behaviour
(For yet his honour never heard a play),

You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, Sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

Play. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Where he the veriest antick in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one;
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exit one with the Players.*]

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me (as he will win my love)—
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May shew her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom—
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for twice seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watry eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.— [*Exit Servant.*]
I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,

When—

When they do homage to this simple peasant:
 I'll in to counsel them : haply, my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen,
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[Exit Lord.]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Lord's House. Enter Sly, with Attendants, some with Apparel, Basin and Ewer, and other Appurtenances. Re-enter Lord.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Man.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Man.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Man.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour! Oh, that a mighty man; of such descent; Of such possessions, and so high esteem, Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-Heath; by birth a pedlar; by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacker, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught: Here's—

1 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
Oh, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:
Look, how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have musick? hark! Appollo plays, [*Musick.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lullful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestrow the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks, will soar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch thrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say, thou wilt course: thy greyhounds are as
swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Man.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee
straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in sedges hid:
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll shew thee Io, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Man.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds:
And at that sight shall sad Appollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.* And, 'till the tears, that she hath shed for thee,
Like

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
 She was the fairest creature in the world;
 And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
 Or do I dream? or have I dream'd 'till now?
 I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
 I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
 Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
 And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.—
 Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
 And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 Man. Will't please your mightiness to wash your
 hands?

Oh, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
 Oh, that once more you knew but what you are!
 These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
 Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap!
 But did I never speak of all that time?

1 Man. Oh, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
 For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
 Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
 And rail upon the hostess of the house;
 And say, you would present her at the leet,
 Because she brought stone-jugs, and no steal'd quarts:
 Sometimes, you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Man. Why, Sir, you know no house, nor no such
 maid;

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up—
 As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
 And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell:
 And twenty more such names and men as these,
 Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter

Enter the Page, as a Lady, with Attendants.

Lady. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Lady. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband?
My men should call me—lord, I am your good-man.

Lady. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say, that I have dream'd, and
slept

Above some fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and her alone—
Madam, undress you, and come now to-bed.

Lady. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so
long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again;
I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the
blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,

Which

Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a commonly a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Lady. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff:

Sly. What, household stuff?

Lady. It is a kind of history,

Sly. Well, we'll see't: Come, madam wife; sit by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Padua. Flourish. Enter LUCENTIO, and his Man TRANIO.

Lucentio.

TRANIO, since—for the great desire I had—
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds;
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves

A shallow

A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Me pardonato, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music, and poesy, use to quicken you;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while: What company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, with KATHARINE and BIANCA GREMIO and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
But how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is—not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me:
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, Sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid ! how mean you that ? no mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I'faith, Sir, you shall never need to fear ;

I-wis, it is not half way to her heart :

But, if it were, doubt not, her care shall be

To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,

And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us !

Gre. And me too, good Lord !

Tra. Hush, master ; here is some good pastime toward ;
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see

Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master ; mum ! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good

What I have said—Bianca, get you in :

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca ;

For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat ! 'tis best

Put finger in the eye—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :

My books and instruments shall be my company ;

On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio ! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

[*Aside.*]

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange ?

Sorry am I that our will effects

Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,

Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,

And make her bear the penance of her tongue ?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye ; I am resolv'd :—

Go in, Bianca.

[*Exit BIANCA.*]

And for I know, she taketh most delight

In music, instruments, and poetry,

Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,

VOL. III.

B

Fit

Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio—
Or signior Gremio, you—know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal

'To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

[*Exit.*]

Kath. Why, and, I trust, I may go too, may I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! [*Exit.*]

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are so
good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not so
great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together,
and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides.
Farewell:—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if
I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that
wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray.
Though the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd parle,
know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both—that we
may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be
happy rivals in Bianca's love—to labour and effect one
specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though
her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be
married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio: though it pass your patience and
mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be
good fellows in the world, an a man could light on
them, would take her with all her faults, and money
enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry
with this condition—to be whipp'd at the high cross every
morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten
apples.

apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO.

Remnent TRANIO and LUCENTIO.

Tr a. I pray, sir, tell me—Is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. Oh, Tranio, 'till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely:
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee—
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister
Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,
That mortalears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, Sir; If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:—
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrew'd,
That, 'till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home:
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning school-masters to instruct her?

Tra. Ah, marry, am I, Sir: and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first

Tra. You will be school-master,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible; For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book: welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man, or master, then it follows thus:—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.—
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once

Unsafe

Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and clock;
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]

In brief, Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am ty'd to be obedient,
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense;)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden-sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are
you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stoln your clothes?
Or you stoln his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I am descry'd:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him: 'Would I were so too!

Tra. So would I, 'faith boy, to have the next wish
after—

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah—not for my sake, but your master's—I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio ;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go :—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute ;—
To make one among these wooers : If thou ask me why—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*]

I Man. *My lord you nod : you do not mind the play.*

Sly. *Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely ;*

Comes there any more of it ?

Page. *My lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady ;*
'Would, it were done !

SCENE II.

Before HORTENSIO'S House in Padua. Enter PETRUCHIO
and GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a-while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua ! but of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio ; and, I trow, this is his house :
Here, firrah Grumio ; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, Sir ! whom should I knock ? is there any
man has rebus'd you worship ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, Sir ? why Sir, what am I, Sir,
That I should knock you here, Sir ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is gown quarrelsome : I should knock
you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be ?

Faith, firrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it ;

Will try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings him by the ears.*]

Gru.

Gru. Help, masters, help ! my master is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you : firrah ! villain !

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now ? what's the matter ?—My old friend Grumio ! and my good friend Petruchio !—How do you all at Verona ?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray ?

Can tutto il core ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto,*

Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise ; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin.

—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service

—Look you, Sir—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, Sir ; Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so ; being, perhaps (for ought I see,) two and thirty—a pip out ?

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first,

Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless Villain !—Good Hortensio,

I bid the rascal knock upon your gate,

And could not get him for my heart to do it:

Gru. Knock at the gate ?—O heavens !—

Spake you not these words plain—*Sirrah, knock me here,*

Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly ?

And come you now with—knocking at the gate ?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience ; I am Grumio's pledge :

Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you ;

Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.

And tell me now, sweet friend—what happy gale

Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona ?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,

Where small experience grows. But in a few,

Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me :—

Antonio, my father, is deceas'd ;

And I have thrust myself into this maze,

Happily to wive, and thrive, as best I may :

Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,

And

And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thoud'st thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich;—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife
(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance),
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough,
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his
mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry him
to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er
a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as
two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so
money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have slept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is fault enough)
Is—that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect:—
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well:—
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour
lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she
would think scolding would do little good upon him:
She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so:
why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his
rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, Sir—an she stand him but
a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfi-
gure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see
withal than a cat: You know him not, Sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is;
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds he from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible
(For those defects I have before rehears'd),
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en;—
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
'Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a school-master
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca:
That so I may by this device, at least,

Have

Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguis'd, with Books under his Arm.

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old folks,
how the young folks lay their heads together! Master,
master, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

Her. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:—
Petruchio, stand by a while.

* *Gru.* A proper stripping, and an amorous!

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, Sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me:—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As, for my patron, (stand you so assur'd),
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, Sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, Sirrah.

Her. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio. Trow
you

Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.

I promis'd to inquire carefully

About a school-master for the fair Bianca:

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well

On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,

Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,

And other books—good ones, I warrant you.

Her.

Hor. 'Tis well : and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Gremie, 'tis now no time to vent our love :
Listen to me, and, if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine ;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well :—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults ?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold ;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend ? What countryman ?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son :
My father dead, my fortune lives for me ;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. Oh, Sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange.
But, if you have a stomach, to't, o' God's name ;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat ?

Pet. Will I live ?

Gru. Will he woo her ? ay, or I'll hang her. [*Aside.*]

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent ?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpet's clang ?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue ;
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,

As will a chefnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

[*Aside.*

Gre. Hortensio, hark!

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,

My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,

And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will; provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner. [*Aside.*

To them *TRANIO* bravely, apparell'd, and *BIONDELLO*.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! if I may be bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way

To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters? is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he. Biondello!

Gre. Hark you, Sir; You mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, Sir; What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, Sir: Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio.

[*Aside.*

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?

Tra. An if I be, Sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words, you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, Sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know;—

That's she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have :
And so she shall ; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What ! This gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head ; I know, he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words ?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter ?

Tra. No, Sir ; but hear I do, that he hath two :
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, Sir, the first's for me ; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules ;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve,

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth ;—
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors ;
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the eldest sister first be wed :
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, Sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest ;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive :
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify, this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack : in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gre. O excellent motion ! Fellows, let's begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*BAPTISTA's House in Padua. Enter KATHARINA, and
 BIANCA.*

Bianca.

Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
 To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
 That I disdain: but for these other gawds—
 Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
 Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
 Or, what you will command me, will I do,
 So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
 Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
 I never yet beheld that special face
 Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou ly'st; is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
 I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. Oh then, belike you fancy riches more;
 You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
 Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
 You have but jested with me all this while:

I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands,

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—

Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—

For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?

When

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after BIANCA.*]

Bap. What, in my sight?—*Bianca*, get thee in.

[*Exit BIANCA.*]

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,

And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,

'Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit KATH.*]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?

But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO in the Habit of a mean Man;

PETRUCHIO with HORTENSIO, like a Musician: TRAN-
NIO and BIONDELLO bearing a Lute and Books.

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save
you gentleman!

Pet. And you, good Sir! Pray have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, Sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. Your wrong me, signior Gremio: give me leave—

I am a gentleman of Verona, Sir,

That—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,

Her affability, and bashful modesty,

Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour—

Am bold to shew myself a forward guest

Within your house, to make mine eye the witness

Of that report which I so oft have heard.

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

[*Presenting HORTENSIO.*]

I do present you with a man of mine,

Cunning in music, and the mathematicks,

To instruct her fully in those sciences,

Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:

Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;

His name is Licio, both in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, Sir; and he, for your good sake:

But for my daughter Katharine—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, Sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well; you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare? you are marvellous forward.

Pet. Oh, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, Sir; but you will curse your wooing.—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it.
To express the like kindness myself, that have been more
kindly beholden to you than any, free leave give to this
young scholar, that hath been long studying at Rheims
[*Presenting* LUCENTIO;] as cunning in Greek, Latin, and
other languages, as the other in music and mathematicks:
His name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle Sir, methinks, you walk like a stranger; [*To* TRANIO.] May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister:
This liberty is all that I request—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome amongst the rest that woo,

And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books :
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name ? of whence I pray ?

Tru. Of Pisa, Sir ; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man 'of Pisa ; by report
I know him well : you are very welcome, Sir.—
Take you the lute, and you the set of books,

[*To HORTENSIO and LUCENTIO.*

You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holla, within !—

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead

These gentlemen to my daughters : and tell them both,
These are their tutors ; bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant with HORTENSIO and LUCEN.*

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner : You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo—
You knew my father well ; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd :
Then tell me—If I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife ?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands ;
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood—be it that she survive me—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever ;
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us ;
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtained.
This is—her love ; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as the proud-minded ;

And where two raging fires meet together,
 They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :
 Though little fire grows great with little wind,
 Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all :
 So I to her, and so she yields to me ;
 For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed !
 But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof ; as mountains are for winds,
 That shake not though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend ? why dost thou look so pale ?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician ?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier ;
 Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute ?

Hor. Why, no ; for she hath broke the lute to me.
 I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,
 And bow'd her hand, to teach her fingering ;
 When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these ? quoth she : *I'll fume with them :*
 And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
 And through the instrument my pate made way ;
 And there I stood amazed for a while,
 As on a pillory, looking through the lute ;
 While she did call me—*rascal fidler,*
 And—*twangling Jack ;* with twenty such vile terms,
 As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench ;
 I love her ten times more than ere I did :
 Oh, how I long to have some chat with her !

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited ;
 Proceed in practice with my younger daughter ;
 She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns—
 Signior Petruchio, will you go with us ;
 Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?

Pet.

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,

[*Exit BAP. with GRE. HOR. and TRA.*]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.

Say, that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain,

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:

Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:

Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;

Then I'll commend her volubility,

And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence:

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,

As though she bid me stay by her a week;

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day

When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:—

But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINE.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate.

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,

Kate of Kate-hall, my super dainty Kate,

For dainties are all cates; and therefore, Kate,

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sound,

(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs)

Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you
hither

Remove you hence: I knew you at the first;

You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade, Sir, as you, if me you mean:

Pet.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should buzz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith you are too angry,

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ah, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?
In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Your's, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come
again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try.

[*She strikes him.*]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? oh, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A comble's cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then shew it me.

Kath. Had I glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by faint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate : in sooth, you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry ; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit ; I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and fullen,
And now I find report a very liar ;

For thou art pleasant, gamefome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers :

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will ;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk ;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why doth the world report that Kate doth limp ?

Oh slanderous world ! Kate, like the hazle-twig,

Is straight and slender ; and as brown in hue

As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk : thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait ?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate ;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful !

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech ?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother ! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise ?

Kath. Yes ; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed ;

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms :—Your father hath consented.

That you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on ;

And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn ;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,

(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well)

Thou must be married to no man but me :

Fer I am he am born to tame you, Kate ;

And

And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTO, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now, signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, Sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you,
You have shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curs'd, it is for policy:
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel;
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I chuse her for myself;
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd, 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: Oh, the kindest Kate!—
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vy'd so fast, protesting oath to oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
Oh, you are novices! 'tis a world to see

How

How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your
hands;

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:—
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.

[*Exit PETRUCHIO and KATHARINE severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;—
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this
strife:

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.—

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city

Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
 Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
 My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
 In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
 In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
 Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
 Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
 Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
 Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
 To house, or house-keeping; then, at my farm,
 I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
 Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
 And all things answerable to this portion.
 Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
 And, if I die to-morrow, this is her's,
 If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in—Sir, list to me;
 I am my father's heir, and only son:
 If I may have your daughter to my wife,
 I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
 Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year
 Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
 What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
 My land amounts not to so much in all:
 That she shall have; besides an argosy,
 That now is lying in Marseilles' road:—
 What, have I choak'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
 Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
 And twelve tight gallies: these I will assure her,
 And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
 And she can have no more than all I have;
 If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
 By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best ;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own ; else, you must pardon me :
If you should die before him, where's her dower ?

Tra. That's but a cavil ; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old ?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd :—on Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be marry'd :
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;
If not, to signior Gremio :

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good, neighbour.—Now I fear thee not ;
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waining age,
Set foot under thy table : Tut ! a toy !

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide !
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good :—
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio ;
And that's a wonder : fathers, commonly,
Do get their children : but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a fire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

BAPTISTA's House. Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and
BIANCA.

Lucentio.

FIDLER, forbear ; you grow too forward, Sir :
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal ?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is

The patroness of heavenly harmony :
 Then give me leave to have prerogative ;
 And when in music we have spent an hour,
 Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass ! that never read so far
 To know the cause why music was ordain'd !
 Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
 After his studies, or his usual pain ?
 Then give me leave to read philosophy,
 And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
 To strive for that which resteth in my choice :
 I am no breeching scholar in the schools ;
 I'll not be ty'd to hours, nor pointed times,
 But learn my lessons as I please myself.
 And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down :—

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles ;
 His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune ?

[*HORTENSIO retires.*]

Luc. That will be never ;—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last ?

Luc. Here, madam :—

Hac ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lu-
 centio—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa—*Sigeia tellus*,
 disguised thus to get your love ;—*Hic steterat*, and that
 Lucentio that comes a wooing—*Priami*, is my man Tra-
 nio—*regia*, bearing my port—*celsa senis*, that we might
 beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [Returning.]

Bian. Let's hear :—O fie ! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it : *Hac ibat*
Simois, I know you not ;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you
 not ;

not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*,—presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedafoude, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust,

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*
Was Ajax—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave awhile;
My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, Sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [Aside.]

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
That hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian [reading.] Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C faut, that loves with all affection:

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I:

E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewel, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.

[*Exit.*

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINE, LU-
CENTIO, BIANCA, and Attendants.*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be marry'd,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain'd rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say—*Lo there is mad Petruchio's Wife.*

If

If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,

Whatever fortune stays him from his word :

Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise ?

Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would, Katharine had never seen him though !

[Exit weeping.]

Bap. Go, girl ; I cannot blame thee now to weep ;

For such an injury wou'd vex a saint,

Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master ! news, old news, and such news
as you never heard of !

Bap. Is it new and old too ? how may that be ?

Bian. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming ?

Bap. Is he come ?

Bion. Why, no, Sir.

Bap. What then ?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here ?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news ?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin ; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd ; a pair of boots that have been candle cases, one buckled, another lac'd ; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapelets, with two broken points : His horse hip'd with an old moth'y saddle, the stirrups of no kindred : besides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine ; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots ; sway'd in the back, and shoulder-shotten ; near legg'd before, and with a half-check'd bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather ; which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots :

girt six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in stnds, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh, Sir, his lacquey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* prick'd in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lacquey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;—

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why Sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, Sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, Sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—

How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown;

And wherefore gaze this goodly company;

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, Sir, you know this is your wedding-day;
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;

Now

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Eye! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-fore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And send you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear;
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with
words;

To me she's marry'd, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[Exit PET. GRU. and BION.]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this. [Exit.]

Tra. But, Sir, our love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.

So

So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow school-master
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which, once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:—
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola;
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife.

Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and swore so loud,

That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,

This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;

Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list.*

Tra. What said the wench, when he rose up again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for, why, he stamp'd, and
swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine:

A health, quoth he, as if he had been aboard,

Carousing to his mates after a storm:

Quaff'd

Quaff'd off the muscadell, and threw the sops
 All in the sexton's face ; having no other reason—
 But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
 And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
 This done, he took the bride about the neck,
 And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
 That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
 I, seeing this, came thence for very shame ;
 And after me, I know, the rout is coming :
 Such a mad marriage never was before :
 Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music plays.*]

Enter P. **TRUCHIO**, K. **ATHARINE**, B. **ANCIA**, H. **TENSIO**.
and B. **APTISTA**.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains :
 I know you think to dine with me to-day,
 And have prepar'd great store of wedding-cheer ;
 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
 And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night ?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come :—
 Make it no wonder ; if you knew my business,
 You would entreat me rather go than stay.
 And, honest company, I thank you all,
 That have beheld me give away myself
 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife :
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me ;
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all,

Tra. Let us entreat your stay 'till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay ?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay ;
 But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Gr.

Gru. Ay, Sir, they be ready : the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;
No, nor to-morrow, nor 'till I please myself.
The door is open, Sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging, while your boots are green ;
For me, I'll not be gone, 'till I please myself :—
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly gróom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee ; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry ; What hast thou to do ?—
Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure.

Gru. Ay, marry, Sir : now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner :—
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command :—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her ;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead ;
Be mad and merry—or go hang yourselves ;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;
I will be master of what is mine own :
She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing ;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare ;
I'll bring my action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves ;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man :—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate ;
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATHARINE.]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gru. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like !

Lud.

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast :—

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place :

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go.

Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PETRUCHIO's Country House. Enter GRUMIO.

Grumio.

FYE, fye, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so ray'd? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me :—But I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. Oh, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I prythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!* and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching:—

Gru. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stocking, and every officer his wedding-garment on? be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. I lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[*Strikes him.*]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech list'ning. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou should'st have heard how the horse fell, and the under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoil'd; how he left her with the horse upon her: how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd—that never pray'd before; how I cry'd; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperient to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarloaf, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, 'till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that call'st for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five serving Men.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio?

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you ;—how now, you ;—what, you ;—fellow, you ;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things are ready : How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINE.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at the door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.

Pet. Here, Sir! here, Sir! here, Sir! here, Sir!—

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, Sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's cart, Sir, was not fully made,

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;

There was no link to colour Peter's hat,

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph and Gregory?

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Where is the life that late I led—

[*Singing.*

Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.

Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants, with Supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

*It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way :—*

[Sings.

Out, you rogue ! you pluck my foot awry :
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

[Strikes him.

Be merry, Kate :—Some water, here ; what, ho !

Enter one with Water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus ?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither :—
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers ?—Shall I have some water ?—
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily :—
You, whoreson villain ! will you let it fall ?

Kath. Patience, I pray you ; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave !
Come, Kate, sit down ; I know, you have a stomach. Will
you give thanks, sweet Kate ; or else shall I ?—What's
this ? mutton ?

I Ser. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it ?

Ser. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt ; and so is all the meat :
What dogs are these ?—Where is the rascal cook !
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not ?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all :

[*Throws the Meat, &c. about the Stage.*

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves !
What do you grumble ? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet ;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt, and dry'd away ;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger ;
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient ; to-morrow it shall be mended,]

And, for this night, we'll fast for company :—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her :
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully :
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty :
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd;
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call ;
That is—to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;
Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not ;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed ;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her ;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night ;
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;
And thus I'll curb her mad and head-strong humour :—
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak ; 'tis charity, to shew. [*Exit*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Before BAPTISTA's House. Enter TRANIO, and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, Sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[They stand by.]

Enter BIANCA, and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first, resolve me that,

Luc. I read that I profess the art of love.

Bian. And may you prove, Sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

[They retire backward.]

Hor. Quick proceders, marry! Now tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despicable love! unconstant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, Sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you—if you be so contented—
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours

That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath—
Never to marry her, though she would entreat :
Fye on her ! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. "Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn !
For me—that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be marry'd to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass ; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud-disdainful haggard :
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love :—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [Exit HORT.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case !
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love ;
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

[LUCENTIO and BIANCA come forward.]

Bian Tranio, you jest ; But have you both forsworn me ?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy !

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith he is gone unto the taming school.

Bian. The taming school ! what, is there such a place ?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master,
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long—
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

Bion. Oh master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary ; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello ?

Bian. Master, a mercantè, or a pedant,
I know not what ; but formal in apparel,

In

In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, Sir!

Tra. And you, Sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, Sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, Sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua; Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, Sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, Sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you:—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, Sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, Sir; and, sooth to say,

In

In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

[*Aside.*]

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd;—
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, Sir;—so shall you stay
'Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, Sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh, Sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, Sir, to clothe you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter KATHARINE and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat—
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep:
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;

As

As who should say—if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
I pry'thee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I pry'thee, let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too phlegmatic a meat:—
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a pice of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

[Beats him.]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO, with Meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amok?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me:
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks;
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not;
And all my pains is sort'd to no proof:—
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath.

Kath. I thank you, Sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fye! you are to blame:
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—

[*Aside.*]

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house;

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,

With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things;

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,

To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.—

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, Sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship bid bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish:—fye, fye! 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell.

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not 'till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste.

[*Aside.*]

Kath. Why, Sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:

Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;

And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears;

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;

Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;

And, rather, than it shall, I will be free

Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,

A

A custard-coffin, a bauble, a filken pye :
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap ;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown ? why, ay :—Come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God ! what masking stuff is here ?

What's this ? a sleeve ? 'tis like a demi-cannon :

What ! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart ?

Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and flish, and flash,

Like to a censer in a barber's shop :—

Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this ?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

[*Aside.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did ; but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,

For you shall hop without my custom, Sir :

I'll none of it ; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable :
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true ; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet
of her.

Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance !

Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou :—

Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread !

Away, thou rag, that quantity, thou remnant ;

Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,

As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st !

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd ; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction :

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gr. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tai.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd many men; brave not me; I will neither be fac'd, nor brav'd I say unto thee—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:*

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-body'd gown, sew me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compass'd cape;*

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve;—*

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, Sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sew'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou should'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, Sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, Sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:

Take up my mistress' gown unto his master's use!
Oh, fye, fye, fye!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid:—

[*Aside.*]

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say; commend me to thy master. [*Exit Tailor.*]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
Oh, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:
And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, Sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let's alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun.

[*Exit PET. KATH. and HOR.*]

SCENE IV.

Before BAPTISTA's House. Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house; Please it you that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceiv'd,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegafus.

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you: But, Sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was in Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, Sir.

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!—

Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and—if you please to like
No worse than I, Sir—upon some agreement,

Mo

Me shall you find ready and willing
 With one consent to have her so bestow'd :
 For curious I cannot be with you,
 Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say ;—
 Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
 Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
 Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
 Or both dissemble deeply their affections :
 And, therefore, if you say no more than this—
 That like a father you will deal with him,
 And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
 The match is made, and all is done :
 Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, Sir Where then do you know best
 We be affy'd ; and such assurance ta'en,
 As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you know,
 Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants :
 Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still ;
 And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, Sir :
 There doth my father ly ; and there, this night,
 We'll pass the business privately and well :
 Send for your daughter by your servant here,
 My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
 The worst is this—that, at so slender warning,
 You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well :—Cambio, hie you home,
 And bid Bianca make her ready straight :
 And, if you will, tell what hath happened ;—
 Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
 And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart ! [*Exit.*

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
 Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ?
 Welcome ! one mess is like to be your cheer :
 Come, Sir ; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

Bian. Cambio.—

[*Exeunt.*

[*LUCENTIO returns.*

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is false, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance; take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*: to the church take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, Sir; and so adieu, Sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you, come with your appendix. [Exit.]

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented.

She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;

It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

A green Lane. Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o'God's name; once more toward our father's.

Good

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house:—

Go on, and fetch our horses back again—

Evermore crost, and crost; nothing but crost!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward I pray, since we are come so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:

And if you please to call it a rush candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know, it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be blest, it is the blessed sun:—

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;

And the moon changes, even as your mind.

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is:

And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.—

But soft; company is coming here.

Enter VINCENTIO.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress: Where away?—

[To VINCENTIO.]

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too—

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks!

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,

As those two eyes become that heavenly face?

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode?

Happy the parents of so fair a child ;
 Happier the man, whom favourable stars
 Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow !

Pet. Why, how now, Kate ! I hope thou art not mad :
 This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd ;
 And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
 That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
 That every thing I look on seemeth green :
 Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father ;
 Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grand-fire ; and, withal, make known
 Which way thou travellest : if along with us,
 We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair Sir—and you my merry mistress—
 That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me ;
 My name is call'd—Vincenzio ; my dwelling—Pisa :
 And bound I am to Padua ; there to visit
 A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name ?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle Sir.

Pet. Happily met ; the happier for thy son.
 And now by law, as well as reverend age,
 I may entitle thee—my loving father ;
 The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
 Thy son by this hath marry'd :—Wonder not,
 Nor be not griev'd ; she is of good esteem,
 Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;
 Beside, so qualify'd as may beseem
 The spouse of any noble gentleman.
 Let me embrace with old Vincenzio :
 And wander we to see thy honest son,
 Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true ? or is it else your pleasure,
 Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
 Upon the company you overtake ?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof ;
 For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt. PET. KATH. and VINCEN.*

Hor.

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.]
Have to my widow ; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [*Exits.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Before LUCENTIO's House. Enter BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO,
and BIANCÀ ; GREMIO walking on one side.*

Biondello.

SOFTLY and swiftly, Sir ; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello : but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll set the church o'your back ; and then come back to my master as soon as I can. [*Exeunt.*

Gre. I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house, My father's bears more toward the market-place ; Thither must I, and here I leave you, Sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go : I think, I shall command your welcome here, And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

[*Pedant looks out of the Window.*

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate ?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, Sir ?

Ped. He's within, Sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal ?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself ; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was belov'd in Padua.—Do you hear, Sir ?—to leave frivolous circumstances—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from

from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come to Padua, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, Sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain! I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping?—But who is here? mine old master Vincentio? now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing BIONDELLO.*

Bion. I hope, I may choose, Sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, Sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villian, didst thou never see thy master's father Vincentio?

Bion. What, my worshipful old master? yes, marry, Sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so indeed? [*He beats BIONDELLO.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

Pet. Pry'thee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter below, the Pedant with Servants; BAPTISTA, and TRANIO.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, Sir? nay, what are you, Sir?—Oh, immortal gods! Oh, fine villain! a filken doubtlet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloke! and a copatain hat!—Oh, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words shew you a mad-man: Why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father?—Oh villain!—he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, Sir; your mistake, Sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name? I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—*Tranio*.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is *Lucentio*: and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior *Vincentio*.

Vin. *Lucentio*!—oh, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you in the duke's name:—Oh, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an officer: carry this mad knave to the jail:—father *Baptista*, I charge you, see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior *Gremio*; I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior *Baptista*, lest you be coney-catch'd in this business; I dare swear, this is the right *Vincentio*.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not *Lucentio*.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior *Lucentio*?

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the jail with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd:—

Oh monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Bion. Oh, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him,

him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[*Exeunt* BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father, [Kneeling.

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,

Right son unto the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine;

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all;

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,

That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

While he did bear my countenance in the town;

And happily I have arriv'd at last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss:—

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me
to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? Have you married my
daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista: we will content you, go to:
But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villany. [Exit.

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [Ex.

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

[*Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is dough: But I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all—but my share of the feast. [Exit.

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINE advancing.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this
ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath.

Kath. No, fir; God forbid: but aſham'd to kiſs.

Pet. Why, then let's home again:—Come, firrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiſs: now pray thee, love, ſtay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my ſweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

LUCENTIO's Apartment. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, GRUMIO, HORTENSIO, and Widow. The Serving-men with TRANIO bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. At laſt, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To ſmile at 'ſcapes and perils over-blown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with ſelf-fame kindneſs welcome thine:—
Brother Petruchio—ſiſter Katharina—
And thou, Hortenſio, with thy loving widow—
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe;
My banquet is to cloſe our ſtomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, ſit down;
For now we ſit and chat, as well as eat,

Pet. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindneſs, ſon Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our ſakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortenſio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never truſt me, if I be aſeard.

Pet. You are very ſenſible, and yet you miſs my ſenſe;
I mean, Hortenſio is aſeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly reply'd.

Kath. Miſtreſs, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceive by me!—How likes Hortenſio that?

Hor.

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended : Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round :—
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe :
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate !

Hor. To her, widow !

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer :—Ha' to thee, lad.

[Drinks to HORTENSIO.]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks ?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt ? an hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you ?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me ; therefore I'll sleep
again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not ; since you have begun,
Have at you for a better jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird ? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow :—
You are welcome all.

[Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINE, and Widow.]

Pet. She hath prevented me.—He, signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not ;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. Oh, Sir, Lucentio slip'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something curriish.

Tra. 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for yourself ;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. Oh, oh, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor

Hor. Confess, confess; hath he not hit you there?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it main'd you two outright.

Bap. Now in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no : and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife :
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content ;—What's the wager ?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns !

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match : 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin ?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go.

[Exit.

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves ; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now ! what news ?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How ! she is busy, and she cannot come !
Is that an answer.

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too :
Pray God, Sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [Exit BIONDELLO.

Pet. Oh, ho ! entreat her !

Nay, then she needs must come.

Hor. I am afraid, Sir,

VOL. III.

G

Do

Do what you can, your's will not be entreated.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come!

Oh vile, intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say, I command her come to me.

[*Exit GRU.*

Hor. I know her answer,

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINE.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, Sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit KATHARINE.*

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pte. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.—

Re-enter KATHARINE, with BIANCA and Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your forward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—
Katharine, that cap of your's becomes you not;

Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,

'Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fye! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too!

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong
women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no
telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her

Kath. Fye! fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:

It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;

And in no sense is meet, or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance: commits his body

To painful labour, both by sea and land;

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:

And, when she's froward, peevish, fullen, sour,

And not obedient to his honest will,
 What is she but a foul contending rebel,
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
 I am asham'd that women are so simple
 'To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
 But that our soft condition, and our hearts,
 Should well agree with our external parts?
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
 My mind hath been as big as one of your's,
 My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
 But now I see our lances are but straws;
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare—
 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
 Then veil your stomachs, for it is no boot;
 And place your hands below your husband's foot:
 In token of which duty, if he please,
 My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me
 Kate.

Luc. Well go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed:—

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINE.*]

Hor. Now, go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd
 so

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE END.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

King of France.

Duke of Florence.

Bertram, Count of Rouffillon.

Lafcu, an old Lord.

Parolles, a parasitical Follower of *Bertram*; a Coward, but vain, and a great Pretender to Valour.

Several young French Lords, that serve with *Bertram* in the Florentine War.

Steward, }
Clown, } Servants to the Countess of Rouffillon.

WOMEN.

Countess of Rouffillon, Mother to *Bertram*.

Helena, Daughter to Gerard de Narbon, a famous Physician, some time since dead.

An old Widow of Florence.

Diana, Daughter to the Widow.

Violenta, }
Mariana, } Neighbours and Friends to the Widow.

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE lies partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Countess of Roussillon's House in France. Enter BERTRAM the Countess of Roussillon, HELENA, and LAFEU, all in black.

Countess.

IN delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.
Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you, Sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than slack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that had! how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, it would have made nature immortal, and death should have play'd for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, Sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he

was

was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could have been set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious. — Was this gentleman the daughter of Gerard-de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her disposition she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer: for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father In manners as in shape! thy blood, and virtue Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will, That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down, Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord;

'Tis

'Tis an unseason courtier, good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best,
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven blifs him! Farewel, Bertram.

[*Exit Countess.*]

Bar. [*To HELENA.*] The best wishes that can be forg'd
in your thoughts, be servants to you! Be comfortable to
my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewel, pretty lady: you must hold the credit
of your father. [*Exeunt BER. and LAF.*]

Hel. Oh, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more,
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour!—
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And, no.—

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay :—you have some stain of soldier in you ; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity ; how may we barricado it against him ?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he affails ; and our virginity, tho' valiant, in the defence yet is weak : unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none : man sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up !—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men ?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicker be blown up ; marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase ; and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity was first lost. That you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found : by being ever kept, it is ever lost : 'tis too cold a companion : away with it.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't ; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers ; which is most infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin : virginity murders itself : and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese ; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding its own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not ; you cannot choose but lose by't. Out with't ;
within.

within ten years it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, Sir, to loose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying. The longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion: richly suited, but unsuitable; just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now: your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill; it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility;
His jarring concord; and his discord dulcet;
His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall lie——
I know not, what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court's a learning place;—and he is one——

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well——'Tis pity——

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And shew what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[Exit Page.]

Par. Little Helen, farewell : if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have kept you so under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety : but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely : I will return perfect courtier ; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee ; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away ; farewell, When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers ; when thou hast none, remember thy friends : get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee ; so farewell. *[Exit.]*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven. The fated sky
Gives us free scope ; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so high ;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye ?
The mightiest space in fortune, nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pain in sense ; and do suppose

What hath been cannot be. Whoever strove
 'To shew her merit, that did miss her love?
 The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
 But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Changes to the Court of France. Flourish Cornets. Enter the King of France, with Letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
 Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
 A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it,
 A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria;
 With caution that the Florentine will move us
 For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
 Prejudicates the business, and would seem
 To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wisdom,
 Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
 For ample credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer;
 And Florence is deny'd, before he comes:
 Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
 The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
 To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It may well serve
 A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
 For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1 Lord. It is the count Roussillon, my good lord,
 Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face.
 Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
 Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
 May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks, and duty, are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal foundaeness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First try'd our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciplin'd of the bravest. He lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father: in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords, but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them; unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at that time,
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, Sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. Would, I were with him: He would always say
(Methinks I hear him now; his plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear)—*Let me not live*—
—Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out—*let me not live* (quoth he),
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits; whose apprehensive senses

*All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
 Mere fathers of their garments: whose constancies
 Expire before their fashions;—* This he wish'd.
 I, after him, do after him with too,
 Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
 I quickly were dissolved from my live,
 Yo give some labourer room.

2 Lord. You are lov'd, Sir;

They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't—How long is't, count,
 Since the physician at your father's died?

He was much fan'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
 Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
 With several applications:—nature and sickness
 Debate it at their leisure.—Welcome, count,
 My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*A Room in the Count's Palace. Enter Countess, Steward, and
 Clown.*

Count. I will now hear, what say you of this gentle-
 woman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your con-
 tent, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past
 endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make
 foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we
 publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sir-
 rah: the complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all
 believe; 'tis my slowness that I do not: for I know you
 lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough
 to make such knaveries your's.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, that I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, Sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd: but, if I have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world, I'll be the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In I'll be's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage; and, I think, shall never have the blessing of God, 'till I have of my body: for, they say, bearns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it. I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He that eares my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: If I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cheriseth my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poyfam the papist, howsoever their hearts

hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and a calumnious knave?

Clo. A proph:t, I, madam; I speak the truth the next way:—

“ For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true
“ shall find;

“ Your marriage comes by destiny, your cuckoo sings
“ by kind.”

Count. Get you gone, Sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman would speak with her: Helen I mean.

Clo. “ Was this fair face the cause, quoth she, [*Singing,*

“ Why the Grecian sacked Troy?

“ Fond done, done fond;

“ Was this king Priam's joy?

“ With that she sigh'd as she stood,

“ With that she sigh'd as she stood,

“ And gave this sentence then;

“ Among nine bad if one be good,

“ Among nine bad if one be good,

“ There's yet one good in ten.”

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would, God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, Sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honestly be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility

over the black gown of a big heart—I am going, forsooth.
The business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit.

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do : her father bequeath'd her to me ; and she herself, without other advantage, my lawfully make title to as much love as she finds : there is more owing her than is paid ; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her, than, I think, she wish'd me : alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears ; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son : Fortune, she said, was no goodefs, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates ; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level ; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surpris'd without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in : which I held it my duty speedily to acquaint you withal ; thence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharg'd this honestly ; keep it to yourself : many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt : pray you, leave me : shall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care : I will speak with you further anon. [Exit Steward.

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young :

If we are nature's, these are ours : this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong ;

Our blood to us, this to our blood, is born ;

It is the shew and seal of nature's truth,

Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth :

By our remembrances of days foregone,

Such

Such were our faults, O! then we thought them none.

Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.—

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;

Why not a mother? when I said, a mother,

Methought, you saw a serpent: What's in mother,

That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;

And put you in the catalogue of those

That were enwomb'd mine: 'Tis often seen,

Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds

A native slip to us from foreign seeds.

You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,

Yet I express to you a mother's care;—

God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,

To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,

That this distemper'd messenger of wet,

The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?

Why?—that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam.

The count Roussillon cannot be my brother:

I am from humble, he from honour'd name;

No note upon my parents, his all noble.

My master, my dear lord he is; and I

His servant live, and will his vassal die:

He must not be my brother.—

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; would you were
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother.)

Indeed, my mother!—or, were you both our mothers

I care no more for, than I do for heaven.

So I were not his sister: can't no other,

But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;

God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother

So strive upon your pulse: What, pale again?

My

My fear hath catch'd your fondness.—Now I see
 The mystery of your loneliness, and find
 Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,
 You love my son; invention is ashamed,
 Against the proclamation of thy passion,
 To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
 But tell me then 'tis so:—For, look, thy cheeks
 Confess it one to the other; and thine eyes
 See it so grossly shewn in thy behaviour,
 That in their kind they speak it: only sin
 And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
 That truth should be suspected: speak, is't so?
 If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue:
 If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
 As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
 To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
 Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
 The state of your affection; for your passions
 Have to the full approach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
 Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
 That before you, and next unto high heaven,
 I love your son:—
 My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love;
 Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
 That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
 By any token of presumptuous suit;
 Nor would I have him, 'till I do deserve him;
 Yet never know, how that desert should be.
 I know, I love in vain, strive against hope;
 Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,
 I still pour in the waters of my love,

And

And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking
With chastity, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choofe
But lend, and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that, her search implies;
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions;
Of rare, and prov'd effects; such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me,
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note? amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings, whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind: he, that they cannot help him,

They

They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something hints
More than my father's skill (which was the greatest
Of his profession,) that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven : and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believ't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means, and attendants ; and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court :—I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt :
Begone to-morrow ; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss. *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Court of France. Enter the King, with young Lords
taking Leave for the Florentine War. BERTRAM and
PAROLLES. Flourish Cornets.*

King.

FAREWELL, young lords : these warlike principles
Do not throw from you ; and you, my lords, farewell :—
Share the advice betwixt you ; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

I Lord. 'Tis our hope, Sir,
After well-enter'd foldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be : and yet my heart

Will

Will not confess, he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewel, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,) see that you come
Not to woo honour but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That Fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy——take heed of them;
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand. Beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel. Come hither to me.

[The King retires to a Couch.]

1 Lord. Oh, my sweet lord, that you will stay behind
us!——

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark——

2 Lord. Oh, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;

Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early——

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,

Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,

'Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn

But one to dance with! by heaven, I'll steal away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 Lord. I am your accessory; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

1 Lord. Farewel, captain.

2 Lord. Sweet monsieur Parolles!——

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and your's are kin.

Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals.

You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain
Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his

finisier

sinister cheek; it was this very sword intrench'd it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports of me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars doat on you for his novices! what will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king——

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrain'd yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there, do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most receiv'd star: and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most finewy sword-men. [Exeunt.

Enter LAFEU. [LAFEU kneels.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man

Stands, that has bought his pardon. I would, you Had kneel'd my lord, to ask me mercy; and That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate, And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, across:——but, my good lord, 'tis thus;

Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?

Yes, but you will, my noble grapes; an if My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a *medecin*, That's able to breathe life into a stone; Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch Is powerful to raise king Pepin, nay, To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand, And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor-she : my lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her. Now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness : Will you see her
(For that is her demand), and know her business :
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now Good Lafeu
Bring in the admiration ; that we with thee,
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [Exit LAFEU.]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Laf. [Returns.] Nay, come your ways. [Bringing in HELENA.]

King. This haste hath wings, indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways ;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him :
A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears : I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together ; fare you well. [Exit.]

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us ?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father : in what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praise toward him ;
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own too ; more dear I have so :
And hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
VOL. II.

I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her unaidable estate: I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empiricks; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dry'd,
When miracles have by the greatest been deny'd.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with him, that all things knows,
As 'tis with us, that square our guess by shows;

But

But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear Sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure,
King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass:
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak,
His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property

Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd ! not helping, death's my fee;
But if I help, what do you promise me ?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even ?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command.

Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of the state :
But such a one thy vassal ; whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand ; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd :
So, make the choice of thine own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must ;
(Tho' more to know, could not be more to trust ;)
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on—But rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.
Give me some help here, ho ! if thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Roussillon. Enter Countess, and Clown.

Count. Come on Sir ; I shall now put you to the height
of your breeding.

Clo. I will shew myself highly fed, and lowly taught :
I know my business is but to the court.

Count. But to the court ? why, what place make you
special, when you put off that with such contempt ? But
to the court !

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any man-
ners,

ners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court; but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brown-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffaty punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me, if I am a courtier:—it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, Sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, Sir—There's a simple putting off:—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of your's, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, Sir—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, Sir—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, Sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, Sir—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, Sir*, as you are whipping, and *spare not me*? indeed, your *O Lord, Sir*, is very frequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—*O Lord, Sir*: I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, Sir—why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, Sir; to your business: Give Helen this, And urge her to a present answer back: Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son: This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You understand me.

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [Exeunt]

SCENE III.

The Court of France. Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our later times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows—

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf.

Laf. That gave him out incurable——

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd——

Par. Right; as 'twere a man assur'd of an——

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death——

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in-shewing, you shall read it in, what do you call there?——

Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it; I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect——

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak——

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king; as to be——

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, HELENA, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you said well. Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says. I'll like a maid the better, while I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a corranto.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift;
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel

OF

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
 O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
 I have to use : thy frank election make ;
 Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
 Fall, when love please ! marry, to each but one !

Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,
 My mouth no more were broken than these boys,
 And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well :
 Not one of those but had a noble father.

[*She addresses herself to a Lord.*]

Hel. Gentlemen,
 Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,
 That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—

Please it your majesty, I have done already :
 The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
 " We blush that thou should choose, but be refus'd ;
 " Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,
 " We'll ne'er come there again."

King. Make choice ; and see,
 Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly ;
 And to imperial Love, that god most high,
 Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit ?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, Sir ;—all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace
 for my life.

Hel. The honour, Sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
 Before I speak, too threateningly replies ;
 Love make your fortunes twenty times above
 Her that so wishes, and her humble love !

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
 Which great love grant ! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her ? An they were sons of
 mine,

mine, I'd have them whipt; or I would send them to the Turk to make eunuchs of

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her:
sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er
got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet—I am sure, thy father
drunk wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth
of fourteen. I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; but I give
Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guided power. This is the man.

[To BERTRAM:

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy
wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she hath done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly
bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off

In

In differences, so mighty. If she be
 All that is virtuous (save what thou dislike'st,
 A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislike'st
 Of virtue for the name: but do not so.
 From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
 The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed.
 Where great addition swells, and virtue none,
 It is a dropp'd honour: good alone
 Is good, without a name, vileness is so:
 The property by what it is should go,
 Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
 In these, to nature she's immediate heir;
 And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
 Which challenges itself as honour's born,
 And is not like the fire. Honours best thrive,
 When rather from our acts we them derive
 Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave
 Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
 A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
 Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
 Of honour'd bones, indeed. What should be said?
 If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
 I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
 Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive
 to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad:
 Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defend,
 I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
 Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
 That dost in vile misprison shackle up
 My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
 We, poizing us in her defective scale,
 Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
 It is in us to plant thine honour, where
 We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt;
 Obey our will, which travels in thy good:
 Believe not thy disdain, but presently

Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers, and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge, and hate
Looking upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it; I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoize; if not in thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt all but PAROLLES and LAFEU.*]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur, a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, Sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay; Is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one: and not to be understood
without bloody succeeding. My Master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Roussillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

Par.

Par. You are too old, Sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.—

Laf. I must tell thee, Sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wife fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass; yet the scarfs and the bannets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lost thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.—

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would, it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing, I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [Exit.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me: scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient:

patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married, there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good lord; whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, Sir

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou was created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*]

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Altho' before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parollès, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits

The tread of a man's-foot : to the wars !

Ber. There's letters from my mother ; what the import is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known ; to the wars, my boy,
to the wars !

He wears his honour in a box, unseen,
That hugs his kickfy-wickfy here at home ;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed : To other regions !
France is a stable ; we that dwell in't, jades ;
Therefore to the war.

Ber. It shall be so ; I'll send her to my house ;
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled ; write to the king
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure ?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away ; To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound ; there's noise in it.—'Tis
hard ;

A young man married, is a man that's marr'd :
Therefore away, and leave her bravely ; go :
The king has done you wrong : but, hush ! 'tis so. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.

Enter HELENA and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly ; Is she well ?

Clo. She is not well, but yet she has her health : she's
very merry ; but yet she's not well : but, thanks be given,
she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world ; but yet
she is not well.

Hel.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, Sir, before a knave, thou art a knave; that's, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, Sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, Sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, Sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.—

Madam, my lord will go away to-night:

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and right of love;

Which, as your due, time claims, he doth acknowledge;

But puts it off by a compell'd restraint:

Whose want, and whose delay, is frew'd with sweets

Which they distil now in the curbed time,

To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology, you think,
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

[*Exit PAR.*

Hel. I pray you.—Come, firrah.

[*To Cloten.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for
a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in know-
ledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and
transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is
dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent:
here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pur-
sue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, Sir.

Laf. I pray you, Sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, Sir, he, Sir's a good
workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king?

[*Aside to PAROL.*

Par.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given orders for our horses; and to-night
When I should take possession of the bride—
And, ere I do begin—

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end
of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a
known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be
once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you,
monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserv'd to run into my
lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs
and all, like him that leapt into the custard; and out of
it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your
residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at's
prayers. Fare you well, my Lord: and believe this of
me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the soul of
this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heav-
vy consequence: I have kept of them tame, and know
their natures. Farewell, monsieur, I have spoken better
of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but
we must do good against evil. [Exit.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.—

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you:
For my respects are better than they seem;
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shews itself at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother.

[*Giving a letter.*]

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,

But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall

With true observance seek to eke out That,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let That go:

My haste is very great. Farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, Sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;

Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would; my lord—'faith
yes;—

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

[*Exit HELENA.*]

Ber.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewel.
Go thou toward home, where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum :—
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, eoragio!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Duke's Court in Florence. Flourish. Enter the Duke
of Florence, two French Lords with Soldiers.*

Duke.

So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel

Upon your grace's part : black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my lord,

The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion : therefore dare not
Say what I think of it ; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guest.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger, of our nature.
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be ;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,

Shall

Shall on them fettle. You know your places well ;
When better fall, for your avails they fell ;
To-morrow, to the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Roussillon in France. Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it ; save
that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very
melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you ?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing : mend
the ruff, and sing ; ask questions, and sing ; pick his teeth,
and sing. I knew a man that had this trick of melan-
choly, sold a goodly manor for a song

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means
to come.

[*Reads the Letter.*]

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court. Our
old ling, and our Isbels o' the country, are nothing like
your old ling, and your Isbels o' the court : the brain of
my Cupid's knock'd out ; and I begin to love, as an old
man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here ?

Clo. E'en that you have there.

[*Exit.*]

Countess reads a Letter.

*I have sent you a daughter-in-law ; she hath recovered the
king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her ;
and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run
away ; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth
enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to
you.*

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king ;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,

By

By the misprizing of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between
two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort;
your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does:
the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men,
though it be the getting of children. Here they come
will tell you more. For my part, I only hear your son
was-run away.

Enter HELENA, and two Gentlemen.

1 Gen. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.—

2 Gen. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen—
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't. Where is my son, I pray you?

2 Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence,
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, madam; here's my passport.

*When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never
shall come off; and shew me a child begotten of thy body,
that I am father to, then call me husband; but in such
a Then I write a Never!*

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentleman?

1 Gen. Ay, madam;

And for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pry'thee, lady, have a better cheer:
If thou engross'st all the griefs as thine,

Thou

Thou robb'st me of a moiety : He was my son ;
 But I do wash his name out of my blood,
 And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he ?

2 Gen. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier ?

2 Gen. Such is his noble purpose : and, believe't,
 The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
 That good-convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither ?

1 Gen. Ay madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France !*

'Tis bitter.

[Reading,

Count. Find you that there ?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which
 His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife !
 There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
 But only she ; and she deserves a lord,
 That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
 And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him ?

1 Gen. A servant only, and a gentleman
 Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not ?

1 Gen. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness ;
 My son corrupts a well-derived nature
 With his inducement.

1 Gen. Indeed, good lady,
 The fellow has a deal of that too much,
 Which holds him much to have.

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.
 I will entreat yon, when you see my son,
 To tell him, that his sword can never win
 The honour that he loses : more I'll entreat you
 Written to bear along.

2 Gen. We serve you, madam,
 In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.

Will

Will you draw near? [Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France!

Nothing in France, until he has no wiife!

Thou shalt have none, Roussillon, none in France,

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I

That chase thee from thy country, and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event

Of the none-sparing war? and is it I,

That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou

Was shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark

Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the voilent speed of fire,

Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air,

That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there.

Whoever charges on his forward breast,

I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;

And, tho' I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected. Better 'twere,

I met the ravening lion when he roar'd

With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere,

That all the miseries, which nature owes,

Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Roussillon;

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar;

As oft it loses all. I will begone:

My being here it is, that holds thee hence.

Shall I stay here to do't? no, no although

The air of paradise did fan the house,

And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;

That pitiful rumour may report my flight,

To console thine ear. Come, night! end, day!

For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away [Exit,

SCENE III.

The Duke's Court in Florence. Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, BERTRAM, Drum and Trumpets, Soldiers, PAROLLES.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great

Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go forth,
And Fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Roussillon in France. Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, she would do, as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

L E T T E R.

Stew. I am St. Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone;
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With faintest vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may live;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despightful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live;
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I myself embrace to set him free.

Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words?—
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:

If I had given you this at over-night
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Tho' little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction:—Provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, sorrow bids me speak. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V.

*Without the Walls of Florence. A Tucket afar off. Enter
an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, and MA-
RIANA, with other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we
shall lose all the fight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most honour-
able service.

Wid. It is reported that he has ta'en their greatest com-
mander;

mander ; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour, they are gone a contrary way : hark ! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl : the honour of a maid is her name ; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know the knave (hang him !¹) one Parolles : a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana ; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under : many a maid hath been seduced by them ; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further ; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, disguis'd like a pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so——Look, here comes a pilgrim ; I know she will ly at my house : thither they send one another. I'll question her :

God save you, pilgrim ! Whither are you bound ?

Hel. To St Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you ?

Wid. At the St Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way ? *[A March afar off.]*

Wid. Ay, marry, is it. Hark you !

They come this way :—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But 'till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd ;

The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself ?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France.

Hel. I did so:

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of your's,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The count Roufillon: Know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him.
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported; for the king had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, meer the truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name.

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ay! right: good creature? wheresoe'er she is
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all, that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

*Enter with Drum and Colours, BERTRAM, PAROLLES;
Officers and Soldiers attending.*

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:—

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;

That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;

That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;

I would, he lov'd his wife: if he were honest,

He were much goodlier.—Is't not a handsome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest: yond's that same knave,

That leads him to these places; were I his lady,

I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.—

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something. Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

[Exeunt BERTRAM, PAROLLES, &c.]

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!—

Wid. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you

Where you shall host: Of enjoin'd penitents

There's four or five, to great St Jaques bound,

Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid

To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking

Shall be for me; and to requite you further,

I will bestow some precepts on this virgin

Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter BERTRAM, and the two French Lords.

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceiv'd in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman; he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal his counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost! There was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Caesar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.—

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into its native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening; and I will presently pen down my dilemma's, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Par.

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord ; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant ; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewel.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.

1 Lord. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done ; damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than do't ?

2 Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do : certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week escape a great deal of discoveries : but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto ?

2 Lord. None in the world ; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies ; but we have almost imbos'd him, you shall see his fall to-night ; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

1 Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere, we case him. He was first smok'd by the old lord Lafew ; when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him ; which you shall see, this very night.

2 Lord. I must go and look my twigs ; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along along with me.

2 Lord. As't please your lordship. I'll leave you.

[Exit.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you The lass I spoke of.

1 Lord. But you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault ; I spoke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold ; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind, Tokens and letters, which she did re-send ; And this is all I have done ; She's a fair creature ; Will you go see her ?

1 Lord. With all my heart, my lord.

,[Exeunt.

SCENE.

SCENE VII.

Florence. The Widow's House. Enter HELENA, and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
know not how I shall assure you further;
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Tho' my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And, what to your sworn council I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have shew'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it. The gentle count he wooes your
daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny,
That she'll demand: A ring the county wears
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents,
Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more.

But

But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chasteely absent; after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded;

Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With music of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves? for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night

Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let's about it. —

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Part of the French Camp in Florence. Enter one of the French
Lords, with five or six Soldiers in Ambush.*

Lord.

HE can come no other way but by this hedge corner:
When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language
you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no
matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless
some one amongst us, whom we must produce for an inter-
preter

Sol. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

Lord Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy
voice?

Sol.

Sol. No, Sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us as again?

Sol. Even such as you speak to me.

Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know, what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes: to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardly; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. *[Aside.]*

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say, came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give; Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's anule, if you prattle me into these perils.

Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? *[Aside.]*

Par. I would, the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Lord. We cannot afford you so.

[Aside]
Par.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do.

[*Aside.*

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stript.

Lord. Hardly serve.

[*Aside.*

Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel——

Lord. How deep?

[*Aside.*

Par. Thirty fathoms.

Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believ'd,

[*Aside.*

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemies; I would swear, I recover'd it.

Lord. You shall hear one anon.

[*Aside.*

Par. A drum now of the enemies!

[*Alarum within.*

Lord. *Throcamosousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Crage, crage, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. Oh! ransom, ransom:—do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize him and blindfold him.*

Inter. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Musko's regiment.

And I shall lose my life for want of language.

If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,

Italian, or French, let him speak to me,

I'll discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

Inter. *Boskos vauvado:—*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—

*Kerelybonto:—*Sir,

Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards

Are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

Inter. Oh, pray, pray, pray.

Mancka revania dulce.

Lord. *Ofceoribi dulchos voliavorce.*

Inter. The general is content to spare thee yet;

And, hood-winkt as thou art will lead thee on

To gather from thee. Haply, thou may'st inform

Something to save thy life.

Par. Oh let me live,

And

And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew,
Their force, their purposes : nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully ?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Inter. *Acordo linta.*

Come on, thou art granted space. [Exit with PAR.]

[A short alarm within.]

Lord. Go, tell the count Rouffillon and my brother
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muf-
fled

'Till we do hear from them.

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto ourselves,
Inform 'em that.

Sol. So I will, Sir.

Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark, and safely lockt.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The Widow's House. Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess,

And worth it with addition ! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality ?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument :
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern ;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then washorest :

Ber. So should you be,

Dia. No.

My mother did but duty ; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that !

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows :
I was compell'd to her ; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
'Till we serve you : but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn ?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not 'bides,
But take the Highest to witness : Then, pray you tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill ? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him. Therefore your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions but unseal'd ;
At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it :

Be not so holy-cruel. Love is holy ;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with : Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desire,
Who then recovers. Say, thou art mine ; and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes in such affairs
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord ?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;
Which were the greatest obloquy ? the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring :
My chastity's the jewel of our house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring :

My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber
window ;

I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me :
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd :
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring ; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, 'till then ; then, fail not : You have won
A wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.

[*Exit.*]

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me !
You may so in the end.——

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart ; she says, all men
Have the like oaths : he had sworn to marry me
When his wife's dead ; therefore I'll ly with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid :
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

*The Florentine Camp. Enter the two French Lords, and
two or three Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter ?

2 *Lord.*

2 Lord. I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another man.

1 Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 Lord. Especially, he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleeth his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 Lord. Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we?

2 Lord. Meerly our own traitors. And, as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, 'till they attain to their abhor'd ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 Lord. Not 'till after midnight; for he is dicted to his hour.

1 Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomiz'd; that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so curiously he hath set this counterfeit.

2 Lord. We will not meddle with him, 'till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 Lord. I hear, there is an overture of peace,

1 Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 Lord. What will count Roussillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, Sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to St Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplish'd: and there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself (which could not be her office to say, is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Ser. He met the duke in the street, Sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter

Enter BERTRAM.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congied with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer deeds: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophet.

2 Lord. Bring him forth: He has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already: the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood: he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disast' of his sitting i' the stocks; and what, think you, he hath confess'd?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

1 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face; if your lordship be in't, as, I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman come : *Partotaroſſa.*

Inter. He calls for the tortures ; What, will you ſay without 'em ?

Par. I will confeſs what I know without constraint ; if ye pinch me liſe a paſty, I can ſay no more.

Inter. *Boſſo Chimurcho.*

2 *Lord.* *Bobbibindo chicurmurca.*

Inter. You are a merciful general. Our general bids you anſwer to what I ſhall aſk you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Inter. *Fiſt demand of him, how many horſe the duke is ſtrong.* What ſay you to that ?

Par. Five or ſix thouſand ; but very weak and unſerviceable : the troops are all ſcatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues : upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Inter. Shall I ſet down your anſwer ſo ?

Par. Do ; I'll take the ſacrament on't, how and which way you will : all's one to him.

Ber. What a paſt-ſaving ſlave is this !

1 *Lord.* You are deceiv'd, my lord ; this is monſieur Parrolles, the gallant militarift (that was his own phraſe) that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his ſcarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never truſt a man again for keeping his ſword clean ; nor believe, he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

Inter. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. Five or ſix thouſand horſe I ſaid (I will ſay true), or thereabouts, ſet down, for I'll ſpeak truth in this.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, ſay.

Inter. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. I humbly thank you, Sir : a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Inter. *Demand of him, of what ſtrength they are a-foot.* What ſay you to that ?

Par

Par. By my troth, Sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltan, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the duke.

Inter. Well, that's set down. *You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in war; or whether he think's it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt.* What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them singly.

Inter. Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a butcher's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say nim, nay.

[DUMAIN lifts up his hand in Anger.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; tho' I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Inter. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

Inter. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me the other day to turn him out o'the band. I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

Inter. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there,

or

or it is upon the file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

Inter. Here 'tis; here's a paper, shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter does it it well.

1 Lord. Excellently.

Inter. Dian. *The count's a fool, and full of gold.*

Par. That is not the duke's letter, Sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Roussillon, a scolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

Inter. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both sides rogue.

Interpreter reads the Letter.

When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:

He ne'er pays after-debts; take it before:

And say, a soldier (Dian) told thee this:

Men are to mell with, boys are but to kiss.

For, count of this, the count's a fool, I know it;

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whip'd thro' the army with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, Sir, the manifold linguist, and the armi-potent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Inter.

Inter. I perceive, Sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you

Par. My life, Sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, Sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, any where, so I may live.

Inter. We'll say what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more, to this captain Dumain: you have answer'd to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is he honestly?

Par. He will steal, Sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, Sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, Sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

I Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Inter. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, Sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians: to belie him, I will not: and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

I Lord. He hath out-villain'd villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

Inter. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt?

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail
from

from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

Inter. What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

Inter. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat, he outruns any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Inter. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Roussillon.

Inter. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken. [*Aside.*]

Inter. There is no remedy, Sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no very honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsmen, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, Sir, let me live, or let me see my death.

Inter. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unbinding him.*]

So, look about you; know you any here?

Ber. Good-morrow, noble captain.

2 Lord. God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 Lord. God save you, noble captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafew? I am for France.

1 Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of that same sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Roussillon? if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*]

Inter.

Luzer. You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

Inter. If you can find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, Sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there. *[Exit.]*

Par. Yet am I thankful. If my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft, As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart, Let him fear this; for it will come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! There's place and means for every man alive. I'll after them. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Widow's House at Florence. Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd
His Grace is at Marfeilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts mere truly labour
To recompence your love : doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men !
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When faucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night ! so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away :
But more of this hereafter — You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am your's
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you :
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away :
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us ;
All's well that ends well ; still the *fine's* the crown ;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Roussillon. Enter Countess, LAFEU, and Cloten.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-
tassata fellow there ; whose villanous saffron would have
made all the unbak'd and doughty youth of a nation in
his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this
hour ; and your son here at home, more advanced by the
king than by that red-tail'd humble bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him ! it was the death

of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating : if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thousand fallets, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the fallet, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not fallet-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, Sir, I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, Sir, at a woman's service; and a knave, at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, Sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, Sir, he has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, Sir; *alias* the prince of darkness; *alias* the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse : I give thee not this to seduce thee from thy master thou talk'st of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good

fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Cho. If I put any tricks upon 'em, Sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.]

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I mov'd the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness has promis'd me to do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceiv'd against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me that, I hope, I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me 'till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face : whether there be a scar under't, or no, the velvet knows : but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet : his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour. So, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd face.

Laf. Let us see your son, I pray you : I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Court of France at Marseilles. Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Helena.

BUT this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low : we cannot help it ;
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time——

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. God save you, Sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, Sir, that you are not fallen

From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And, therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, Sir?

Gent. Not, indeed.

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. *All's well that ends well*, yet;
Tho' time seems so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take-it, to Rouffillon,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I beseech you, Sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend this paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rouffillon. Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

Par. Good Mr Lavatch, give my lord Lafew this letter:
I have ere now, Sir, been better known to you,
when

when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, Sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clot. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but fluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, Sir; I speak but by a metaphor.

Clot. Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.

Clot. Foh! pr'ythee, stand away; a paper from fortune's close-stool, to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAEEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, Sir, or fortune's cat, (but not a musk cat) that hath fallen into the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, Sir, use the carp as you may: for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. *[Exit Clot.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart-d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more. Come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox' my passion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Sound Trumpets.*] The king's coming, I know, by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, LAFEU, the two French Lords, with Attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege:
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blade of youth,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say—
But first I beg my pardon—The young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey

Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts, that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear. Well——call him hither;
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: Let him not ask our pardon.

The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it. Let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

Gen. I shall, my liege.

King. What says he to your daughter? Have you
spoke?

Laf. All, that he is, hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters
sent me.

That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth.
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them: You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege. At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,

Contempt

Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended, or contracted, all proportions
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:—

That thou dost love her, strikes some scores away
From the great 'compt: But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great tender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That is good that is gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and, after, weep their dust:
Our own love, waking, cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now, forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven bless,
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested: give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this
The last that e'er she took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Her's it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it: For mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.
This ring was mine; and when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood

Necessity'd

Necessity'd to help, that by this token
 I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
 Of what should stead her most ?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
 Howe'er it pleases you to take it so;
 The ring was never her's.

Count. Son, on my life,
 I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
 At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure, I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it.
 In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
 Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
 Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought
 I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd
 To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
 I could not answer in that course of honour
 As she had made the overture, she ceas'd
 In heavy satisfaction, and would never
 Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
 That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
 Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
 Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas Helen's;
 Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know,
 That you are well acquainted with yourself,
 Confess 'twas her's, and by what rough enforcement
 You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety,
 That she would never put it from her finger,
 Unless she gave it to yourself in bed
 (Where you have never come), or sent it us
 Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
 And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
 Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
 That thou art so inhuman—'twill not prove so;—
 And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
 And she is dead; which nothing, but to close

Her

Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away.]

[*Guards seize BERTRAM.*]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;—
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove,
This ring was ever her's, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit BERTRAM guarded.*]

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrap'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, some four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

The King reads a Letter.

*Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife
was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count
Roussillon a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my
honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave,
and I follow him to this country for justice: Grant it me, O
king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a
poor maid is undone.*

DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for
this.

I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafew,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors;
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.

Enter

Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

I am afraid, the life of Helen (lady),
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

King. I wonder, Sir, wives are so monstrous to you;
And that you fly them as you swear to them;
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

Enter a Widow, and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, Sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will, deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied your's,
That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter,
you are no husband for her. [*To BERTRAM,*

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laughed with; let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
'Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;

And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel: yet for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferred by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife,
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd,
Which nature sickens with: but to speak truth:
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of your's.

Ber. I think, she has; certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth;
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint;
As all impediments in fancy's course,
Are motives of more fancy: and in fine,
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient;

I

You,

You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband),
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was your's, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like

The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES,

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was her's.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—
Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. It is, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off),
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an
honourable gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which
gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose? Did he love this
woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, sir, and lov'd her not,

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave: What an
equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

VOL. II.

O

King

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty, I did go between them, as I said; but more than that he loved her: for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to speak of: therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: But thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore, stand aside. This ring, you say, was your's?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were your's by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. The ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be your's, or her's, for aught I know.

King. Take her away. I do not like her now;
'To prison with her: and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou die'st within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:

I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[Pointing to LAFEU.

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal Sir,

[Exit Widow.

The jeweller, that owes the ring, is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord, [To BER.
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead tho' she be, she feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle, One that's dead, is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

Enter HELENA and Widow.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but a shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both' oh, pardon!

Hel. Oh, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,
And look you, here's your letter: This it says,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c. This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you?

O, my dear mother, do I see you living? [To the Countess.

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:—
Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief, [To PAROL-
LES.] So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make sport

with thee : Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow :—

If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, [To Dia.]

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower ;

For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,

Thou keep'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.

Of that, and all the progress more and less,

Resolvedly more leisure shall express :

All yet seems well ; and if it end so meet,

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE KING.

THE King's a beggar, now the play is done :

All is well ended, if this suit be won,

That you express content ; which we shall pay,

With strife to please you, day exceeding day.

Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts :

Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

THE END.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

03

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

Orsino, Duke of Illyria.

Sebastian, a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.

Antonio, a Sea-Captain, Friend to Sebastian.

Valentine, } Gentlemen, attending on the Duke.

Curio, }

Sir *Toby Belch*, Uncle to Olivia.

Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek*, a foolish Knight, pretending to Olivia.

A Sea-Captain, Friend to Viola.

Fabian, Servant to Olivia.

Malvolio, a fantastical Steward to Olivia.

Clown, Servant to Olivia.

WOMEN.

Olivia, a Lady of great Beauty and Fortune, beloved by the Duke.

Viola, in love with the Duke.

Maria, Olivia's Woman.

Priest, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, a City on the Coast of Illyria.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's palace. Enter Duke, CURIO, and Lords.

Duke.

IF music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again; it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O, spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:

O, When my eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news from her?

Enter

Enter VALENTINE

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
 But from her hand-maid do return this answer ;
 The element itself, till seven years hence,
 Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
 But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
 And water once a day her chamber round
 With eye-offending brine ; all this, to season
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
 And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
 That live in her ! when liver, brain, and heart,
 These sovereign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd
 (Her sweet perfections,) with one self-same king !—
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers ;
 Love thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Street. Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this ?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria ?

My brother he is in Elyfium.

Perchance, he is not drown'd—What think you, sailors ?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were sav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother ! and so, perchance, may he
 be.

Cap. True, madam : and, to comfort you with chance,
 Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
 When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
 Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
 Most provident in peril, bind himself

(*Courage*

(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea ;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold :
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
'The like of him. Know'st thou this country ?

Cap. Ay, madam, well ; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here ?

Cap. A noble duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name ?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino ! I have heard my father name him :
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late :
For but a month ago I went from hence ;
And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of,)
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she ?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That dy'd some twelve-month since ; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also dy'd : for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the fight
And company of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady ;
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
'Till I had made mine own occasion mellow.
What my estate is !

Cap. That were hard to compass ;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain ;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee

I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
 With this thy fair and outward character.
 I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
 Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
 For such disguise as, haply, shall become
 The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
 Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
 It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
 And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
 That will allow me very worth his service.
 What else may hap, to time I will commit;
 Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
 When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

OLIVIA's house. Enter Sir TOBY, and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her woer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-check?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducat's; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he play's o' th' viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and subtrac-tors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coystril, that will not drink to my neice, till his brains turn o'the toe like a parish-top. What, wench? Castiliano volgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, Sir.

Sir And. Good Mrs, Mary Accost——

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar.

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again: Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay Sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit MARIA.*]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary; when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir Tob. Perquoy, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is perquoy? do, or not do, I would I had bestow'd that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-bating: O, had I but followed the arts?

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou feest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, do'st not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? my very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did thin! by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The palace. Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in Man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a-while aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofitable return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O, then, unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith; It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth, Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it; For they shall yet belie thy happy years, That say, thou art a man; Diana's lip

Is not more smooth, and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best,
When least in company:—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. Ill do my best,
To woo your lady: [*Exit Duke.*] yet, a barrful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

OLIVIA's House. Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I
will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in
way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy ab-
sence.

Clow. Let her hang me: he that is well hang'd in this
world, needs fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clow. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where
that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clow. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say
in your foolery.

Clow. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and
those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent,
or be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to
you?

Clow. Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage;
and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clow. Not so neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, Madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the butcher mend him: Any thing that's mended is but patch'd: virtue, that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin that amends, is but patch'd with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good Madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, Madonna; Good my mouse of virtue, answer me?

Oli.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof

Clo. Good Madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, Madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio! doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, Sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better encreasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox: but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone: Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a disemper'd appetite: to be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury induce thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools?

Enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman; Fie on him! Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you see, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, Madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose scull Jove cram with brains; for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*!

Enter Sir TOBY.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herring!—how now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well it's all one. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and the third drowns him,

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, Madonna; and the fool shall look to the mad man. [*Exit Clown.*]

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand.

understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you : I told him you were asleep ; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady ? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so ; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he ?

Mal. Why of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man ?

Mal. Of very ill manner ; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he ?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy ; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple : 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewdly ; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach : Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.]

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil : come, throw it o'er my face ; We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she ?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her : Your will ?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, — I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her : I would be loth to cast away my speech ; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn ; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir ?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me, modest

modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission; I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir, here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, prophanation.

Oli.

Oli. Give us the place alone: [*Exit MAR.*] we will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, Sir, such a one I was this present: Is't not well done?

[*Unveiling.*]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.—

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,

If you will lead these graces to the grave,

And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty; it shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labell'd to my will; as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you; O, such love

Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd

The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him;
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,

Of

Of great estate; of fresh and stainless youth;
 In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
 And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
 A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him;
 He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
 With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
 In your denial I would find no sense,
 I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate;
 And call upon my soul within the house;
 Write loyal cantos of contemned love,
 And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
 Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
 And make the babbling gossip of the air
 Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
 Between the elements of air and earth,
 But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
 I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
 I cannot love him: let him send no more;
 Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
 To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
 I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
 My master, not myself, lacks recompence.
 Love makes his heart of flint, that you shall love;
 And let your fervour, like my master's, be
 Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.]

Oli. What is your parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:—

*I am a gentleman.—*I'll be sworn thou art;
 Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
 Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast;—soft! soft!
 Unless the master were the man.—How now?
 Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

Methinks

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections,
 With an invifible and fubtle stealth,
 To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
 What, ho, Malvolio :—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your fervice.

Oli. Run after that fame peevifh melfenger,
 The county's man : he left this ring behind him,
 Would I, or not : tell him, I'll none of it.
 Defire him not to flatter with his lord,
 Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not for him ;
 If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
 I'll give him reafons for't Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

Oli. I do I know not what ; and fear to find
 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
 Fate, fhew thy force : Ourfelves we do not owe ;
 What is decreed, muft be ; and be this fo ! [Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The ftreet. Enter ANTONIO, and SEBASTIAN.

Antonio.

WILL you ftay no longer ? nor will you not, that I go
 with you ?

Seb. By your patience, no : my ftars fhine darkly over
 me : the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, diftem-
 per yours ; therefore I fhall crave of you your leave, that
 I may bear my evils alone : It were a bad recompence
 for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound ?

Seb. No, in footh, Sir ; my determinate voyage is mere
 extravagancy. But I perceive in you fo excellent a touch
 of modetty, that you will not extort me from me what I
 am willing to keep in ; therefore it charges me in man-
 ners the rather to exprefs myfelf : You muft know of me,
 then,

then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Roderigo ; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of : he left behind him, myself and a sister, both born in an hour : If the heavens had been pleas'd, would we had so ended ! but you, Sir, alter'd that ; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day !

Seb. A lady, Sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful ; but though I could not, with such estimable wonder, over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair ; she is drown'd already, Sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once : my bosom is full of kindness ; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court : Farewell. [*Exit*,

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee !
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there :
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit*

SCENE II.

Enter VIOLA and MALVOLIO, at several Doors.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia ?

Vio. Even now, Sir ; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.]

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady? Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed so much, That, sure, methought her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none. I am the man;—If it be so (as 'tis), Poor lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. Ho.. easy is it, for the proper false In women's waxen hearts to set their forms? Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we; For, such as we are made, if such we be. How will this sadge? My master loves her dearly; And I, poor monster, fond as much on him; And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me: What will become of this? As I am man, My state is desperate for my master's love; As I am woman, now alas the day! What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe? O time, thou must untangle this, not I; It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

OLIVIA's House. Enter Sir TOBY and Sir ANDREW.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew : not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes ; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st——

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not : but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion ; I hate it as an unfill'd can : 'To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early ; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements ?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say ; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar ; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say !—a sloop of wine !

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts ? Did you never see the picture of we three ?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. I, my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg ; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus ; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee six-pence for thy leman : Had'st it ?

Clo. I did impetticoat thy gratuity ; for Malvolio's nose is no whip-stock : My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent ! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on ; there is six-pence for you : let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too : if one kinght give a——

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

Clown sings.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low:

Trip no further, pretty sweetening;

Journeys end in lovers' meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;

Present mirth hath present laughter:

What's to come, is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me sweet and twenty,

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath,

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.
But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we
rouze the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three
souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a
catch.

Clo. By'r lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight? I shall be con-
strain'd in't to call the knave, knight,

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd
one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy
peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*

Enter

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? If my lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay, and *Three merry men be we.*

Am not I consanguinous? am I not of her blood?

Tilly valley, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*
Singing.

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be dispos'd, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, *the twelfth day of December*—[*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye made an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our catches. Sneak up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, *since I must needs be gone.*

Mal. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. *His eyes do shew, his days are almost done.*

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. *But I will never die.*

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you,

Sir To. *Shall I bid him go?*

[*Singing.*
Clo.

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'tune Sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, Sir, rub your chain with crumbs:—A sloop of wine, Maria!—

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.]

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed, as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field: and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie fraight in my bed; I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us! tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, Sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't; but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that

look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I hav't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you too, and let the feel make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it: For this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me.—What o' that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight — Thou had'st need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not by the end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The Duke's Palace. Enter Duke, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Duke. Give me some music :—Now, good-morrow,
friends :—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night :
Methought it did relieve my passion much :
More than light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times :—
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should
sing it.

Duke. Who was it ?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord ; a fool, that the lady
Olivia's father took much delight in : he is about the
house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit CURIO.* [*Muske.*

Come hither, boy ; if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me :
For, such as I am, all true lovers are ;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is lov'd.—How dost thou like this tune ?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the feat
Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly :
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves—
Hath it not, boy ?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't ?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith ?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by Heaven : Let still the woman take
An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,

So

So sways she level in her husband's heart :
 For, boy, however we do praise ourselves.
 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
 Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
 Or thy affection cannot hold the bent ;
 For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
 Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are : alas, that they are so ;
 To die, even when they to perfection grow !

Re-enter CURIO and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night :—
 Mark it, Cefario ; it is old, and plain :
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
 And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
 Do use to chaunt it ; it is silly sooth,
 And dallies with the innocence of love,
 Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, Sir ?

Duke. Ay, pr'ythee, sing.

[*Music.*

S O N G.

*Come away, come away death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
 Fly away, fly away, breath ;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My shroud of white, fluck all with yew,
 O, prepare it ;
 My part of death no one so true
 Did spare it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strewn ;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown ;
 A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O ! where
 Sad true-love never find my grave,
 To weep there.*

Duke.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, Sir; I take pleasure in fingering, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, Sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or other.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [Exit.]

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—

[Exeunt.]

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, Sir?—

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the pa ate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe :
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord : She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought ;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed ?
We men may say more, swear more : but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will ; for, still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy ?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too ;—and yet I know not :—
Sir, shall I to this lady ?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme,
To her in haste ; give her this jewel ; say,
My love can give no place, bide no deny. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

OLIVIA's garden. Enter Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and
FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come ; if I lose a scruple of this sport,
let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the nig-
gardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame !

Fab. I would exult, man : you know, he brought me
out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again : and

we

we will fool him black and blue : Shall we not, Sir Andrew ?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain :—How now, my nettle of India ?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree : Malvolio's coming down this walk : he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour : observe him, for the love of mockery ; for I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting ! Lie thou there ; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[*They hide themselves.* *MARIA* throws down a letter, and
[*Exit.*

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune ; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me ; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't ?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue !

Fab. O, peace ! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him ; how he jets under his advanced plumes !

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue :—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio ;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue !

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace !

Mal. There is example for't ; the lady of the strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel !

Fab. O, peace ! now he's deeply in ; look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye !

Mal.

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby.—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live:

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controul:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech;*—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. *You must amend your drunkenness.*

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. *Besides you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight.*

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. *One Sir Andrew?*

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand : these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's : Why that ?

Mal. *To the unknown below'd, this, and my good wishes :* her very phrascs !—By your leave, wax.—Soft ! and the the impresse her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal : 'tis my lady : To whom should this be ?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. *Jove knows, I love :*

But who ?

Lips do not move,

No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows the numbers alter'd !

—*No man must know :*—if this should be thee, Malvolio ?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock !

Mal. *I may command, where I adore :*

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore ;

M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle !

—*Sir To.* Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. *M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.*—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him !

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl checks at it !

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me ; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this ;—And the end ;—What should that alphabetical position portend ? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly ;—*M. O. A. I !*

Sir To. O, ay ! make up that : he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M,*—Malvalio ;—*M,*—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out ? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M.*—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel ; that suffers under probation : *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O* !

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had an eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A I.—This simulation is not as the former :—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters is in my name. Soft ; here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve, In my stars I am above thee ; but be not afraid of greatness : Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands ; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to injure thyself to what thou art like to be, cost thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, serly with thy servants : let thy tongue tang arguments of state ; put thyself into the trick of singularity : She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings ; and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd : I say, remember. Go to ; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so ; if not, let me see thee a steward fill, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, The fortunate-unhappy. Day-light and champion discovers not more : this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice, the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me ; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late ; she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd ; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised !—Here is yet a postscript. Thou canst not chouse but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love*

Jove, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.

—*Jove*, I thank thee;—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[Exeunt

ACT III. SCENE I.

OLIVIA's garden. Enter VIOLA and Clown.

Viola.

SAVE thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

R 2

Cl.

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, Sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, Sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove, to a good wit; How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, Sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, Sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, Sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing. Sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, Sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, Sir, 'till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; 't shines every where. I would be sorry, Sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee.
Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, fend thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee! I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, Sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, Sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, Sir, begging but a begger; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, Sir. I will confter to them whence you come who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn.

[Exit.

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of the persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wife man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit;
But wise men's folly fallen, quite taints their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY and Sir ANDREW.

Sir And. Save you gentleman.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir To. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours — Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, Sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, Sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance : But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you !

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier ! *Rain odours !* well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. *Odours, pregnant and vouchsafed !* I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden-door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and MARIA.*]
Give me your hand, Sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name ?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, Sir ! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment :
You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be your's ;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam

Oli. For him, I think not on him : for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me !

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf : —

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you ;
I bade you never speak again of him :
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear Lady, —

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you : I did send,
After the last enchantment (you did hear),
A ring in chace of you : so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you :
Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours : What might you think ?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think ? To one of your receiving
Enough is shewn ; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart : So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grice ; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again :
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud !
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf ? [*Clock strikes.*]
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you :
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man :
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward, ho !
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship !
You'll nothing madam, to my lord by me ?

Oli. Stay :
I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me ?

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right ; I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be !

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am ?
I wish it might ; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip !
A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid : love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
 For, that I woo thou therefore hast no cause :
 But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter :
 Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
 I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
 And that no woman has ; nor never none
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
 And so adieu, good madam ; never more
 Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again ; for thou, perhaps, may'st move
 That heart, which now abhors to like his love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in OLIVIA's House. Enter Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to
 the count's serving-man, than ever she bestowed upon
 me ; I saw't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy ! tell me
 that ?

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her towards
 you

Sir And. 'Slight ! will you make an ass o' me ?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of
 judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since be-
 fore Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your sight,
 only to exasperate you, to awake your dormous valour,
 to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver :
 You should then have accosted her ; and with some ex-
 cellent

cellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have hang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now fail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England—set 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.

[*Exit Sir ANDREW.*]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd,

open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will elog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me : yon' gull Malvolio is turn'd heathen, a very renegado ; for there is no christian, that means to be fav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings !

Sir To. And cross-garter'd ?

Mar. Most villanously ; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogg'd him, like his murderer : He does obey every point of the letter that I dropt to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies ; you have not seen such a thing as 'tis ; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him ; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Street. Enter ANTONIO, and SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you ; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you ; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth ; And not all love to see you (though so much, As might have drawn one to a longer voyage), But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skilless in these parts ; which to a stranger, Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable : My willing love,

The

The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever: Oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, Sir; best, first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the duke his gallies,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answered in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffick's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out:
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, Sir, here's my purse;
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile your time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an hour.

Ant.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

OLIVIA's House. Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him : He says he'll come ;
How shall I feast him ? what bestow of him ?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio ?—he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes ;—
Where is Malvolio ?

Mar. He's coming, madam ; but in very strange manner.

He is sure, possest, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter ? does he rave !

Mar. No, madam,

He does nothing but smile : your ladyship were best
To have some guard about you, if he come,
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go, call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,

Enter MALVOLIO.

If sad and merry madness equal be.—

How now, Malvolio ?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho !

[*Smiles fantastically.*

Oli. Smil'st thou ?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady ? I could be sad : This does make some
obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering : But what
of that ? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the
very true sonnet is : *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man ? what is the matter
with thee ?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my
legs : It did come to his hands, and commands shall be
executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! ay, sweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; night ngales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatness*:—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great,*—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. *Some atchieve greatness,*—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. *And some have greatness thrust upon them.*

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. *Remember who commended thy yellow stockings!*—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings!

Mal. *And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd!*

Oli. Cross-garter'd!—

Mal. *Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;*—

Oli. Am I made!

Mal. *If not, let me see thee a servant still.*

Oli. Why, this is a very madsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [*Exit.*]

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough,* says she;—*be opposite with a kinsman—sur'y with servants—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state—put thyself into the trick of singularity;*

—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of a some Sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *I et this fellow be look'd to*:—Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said! Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with Sir TOBY and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and *Legion* himself possess him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is! How is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man!

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks with him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio! how is't with you? What man? defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Prythee, hold thy peace, this is not the way: Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things! I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen: But see, but see.

Enter Sir ANDREW.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me

[*Sir TOBY reads.*

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

S. 2.

Fab.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note : that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou com'st to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly : but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home ; where if it be thy chance to kill me,——

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law : Good.

Sir To. Fare thee well : And God have mercy upon one of our souls ! He may have mercy upon mine ; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou us'st him, and thy sworn enemy,——ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot : I'll giv't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't ; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew, scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff ; so soon as ever thou seest him, draw ; and, as thou draw'st, swear horribly : for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away,

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter : for the behaviour of the young gentlemen gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding ; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less ; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth ; set upon

Ague-

Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA, and VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece; give them way, 'till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exeunt.*]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny;
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee,

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, berake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, Sir; I am sure no man hath any
S 3 quarrel

quarrel to me ; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you : therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard ; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, who is he ?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration ; but he is a devil in private brawl : souls and bodies hath he divorced three ; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre : hob, nob, is his word ; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour ; belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir Tho. Sir, no ; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury ; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him : therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked ; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is ; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman, 'till my return. [Exit Sir TOBY.]

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter ?

Fab. I know, the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrament ; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he ?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, Sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any

any part of Illyria; Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for it: I am one, that had rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Sir TOBY, with Sir ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck—in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capillet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of souls. Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

[*Aside.*

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil

[*To FABIAN.*

Fa. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels:

Sir To. There no remedy, Sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he had better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you

Vio. Pray God defend me! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

[*Aside.*

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised

mis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

[*They draw.*]

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword: If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me?

If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*]

Sir To. You, Sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his love dares yet to do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will:

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[*Draws.*]

Enter Officers.

Tob. O good Sir Toby, hold; here comes the officers.

Sir To. I will be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, Sir, put your sword up, if you please.

[*To Sir ANDREW.*]

Sir And. Marry, will I, Sir; and, for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word:—He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man; do thy office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, Sir.

1 Off. No, Sir, no jot; I know your favour well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.— Take him away; he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey—This comes with seeking you; But there's no remedy; I shall answer it. What will you do? Now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me Much more, for what I cannot do for you, Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd; But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, Sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, Sir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here, And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,

Out

Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something : my having is not much ;
I'll make division of my present with you :
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now ?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion ? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindneses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature :
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves !

2 Off. Come, Sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see
here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death ;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love—
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us ?—the time goes by ;—away.

Ant. But, oh, how vile an idol proves this god !—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind ;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind ;
Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous evil.
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad ; away with him.
Come, come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit ANTONIO with Officers.*]

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself : so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you !

Sir To. Come hither, knight ; come hither, Fabian ;

We'll

We'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not, — [*Exit Sir AND.*]

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The street. Enter SEBASTIAN, and Clown.

Clown.

WILL you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you;
nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come
speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario;
nor this is not my nose neither. — Nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee vent thy folly some where else; thou
knowest not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some
great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly!

I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney — I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me; There's money for thee; if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand: These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir ANDREW, Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [Striking SEBASTIAN.]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad? [Beating Sir ANDREW.]

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [Exit Clown.]

Sir To. Come on, Sir; hold. Holding *SEB.*

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, Sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flesh'd! come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[They draw and fight.]

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby, on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,

Where

Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario!—

Rudeſby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend.

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY and Sir ANDREW.*]

Let thy fair wiſdom, not thy paſſion, ſway

In this uncivil and unjuſt extent

Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe;

And hear thou there how many fruitleſs pranks

This ruſſian hath botch'd up, ſhat thou thereby

May'ſt ſmile at this; thou ſhalt not chooſe but go;

Do not deny: Beſhrew his ſoul for me,

He ſtarted one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What reliſh is in this? how runs the ſtream?

Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dream:—

Let fancy ſtill my ſenſe in Lethe ſteep;

If it be thus to dream, ſtill let me ſleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would, thou'dſt be rul'd
by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, ſay ſo, and ſo be!

SCENE V.

An apartment in OLIVIA's houſe. Enter MARIA, and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this
beard; make him believe, thou art Sir Topas the curate
do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whileſt.

Exit MARIA.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will diſſemble myſelf
in't and I would I were the fiſt that ever diſſembled
in ſuch a gown I am not tall enough to become the
function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good
ſtudent: but to be ſaid, an honeſt man, and a good houſe-
keeper, goes as fairly, as to ſay, a careful man, and a
great ſcholar: The competitors enter.

Enter Sir TOBY, and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove blefs thee, mafter parfon.

Clo. Bones Dies, Sir Toby : for as the old hermit of Prague, that never faw pen nor ink, very wittily faid to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is :* fo I, being mafter parfon, am mafter parfon ; For what is that, but that ; and is, but is ?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, hoa, I fay,——Peace in this prifon !

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well ; a good knaye.

Mal. [Within.] Who calls there ?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to vifit Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend ! how vexeft thou this man ? talkeft thou of nothing but of ladies ?

Sir To. Well faid, mafter parfon.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd ; good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad ; they have laid me here in hideous darknefs.

Clo. Fye, thou difhoneft Sathan ! I call thee by the moft modeft terms ; for I am one of thofe gentle ones, that will ufe the devil himfelf with courtfeiy ; Say'ft thou, that houfe is dark ?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows tranfparent as barricadoes, and the clear ftones towards the fouth-north are as luftrous as ebony ; and yet complaineft thou of obftruction ?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas ; I fay to you this houfe is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou erreft : I fay, there's no darknefs, but ignorance ; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I fay this houfe is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell ; and I fay, there was never man thus abus'd : I am no more mad than you are, make the trial of it in any conftant queftion.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare-thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas——

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would, we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

Exit with MARIA.

Clo. *Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,*

Tell me how thy lady does.

[Singing.

Mal. Fool——

Clo. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

Mal. Fool——

Clo. *Alas, why is she so?*

Mal. Fool, I say;——

Clo. *She loves another.*——Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you beside your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never a man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here property'd me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do what they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas——

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, Sir? not I, Sir. God b'w'you, good Sir Topas, —Marry, amen—I will, Sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,——

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What say you, Sir? I am silent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I'll tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, Sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad man, 'till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree; I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, Sir,* [Singing.

And anon, Sir,

I'll be with you again,

In a trice,

Like to the old vice,

Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,

In his rage and his wrath,

*Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pair thy nails, dad,
Adieu, Goodman Devil.*

[Exit.

SCENE III.

OLIVIA's Garden. Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my foul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and give back, affairs, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA, and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: He shall conceal it,
While you are willing it shall come to note,

What

What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—And heavens
 so shine,

That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The street. Enter Clown and FABIAN.

Fabian.

Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, VIOLA, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, Sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, Sir, may put you in mind, One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, Sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, and I will wake it anon.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Enter ANTONIO, and Officers.

Vip. Here comes the man, Sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cry'd fame and honour to him.—What's the matter?

I Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phoenix, and her fraught, from Candy;
And this is he, that did the Tyger board,

When

When your young nephew Titus lost his leg :
Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, Sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble Sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither :
That most ungrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was :
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention, or restraint,
All his in dedication : for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town ;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset :
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger),
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years-removed thing,
While one would wink ; deny'd me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be ?

Duke. When came he to this town ?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy),
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on
earth.—

But

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness :
 Three months this youth hath tended upon me :
 But more of that anon — Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
 Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable ?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam ?

Duke. Gracious *Olivia*. —

Oli. What do you say, *Cesario* ? — Good my lord —

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be ought to the old tune, my lord,
 It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,
 As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel ?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness ? you uncivil lady,
 To whose ingrate and inauspicious altars
 My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
 That e'er devotion tender'd ! What shall I do ?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become
 him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
 Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
 Kill what I love ; a savage jealousy,
 That sometimes favours nobly ? But hear me this :
 Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
 And that I partly know the instrument,
 That screws me from my true place in your favour,
 Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still ;
 But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
 And whom, by heaven, I swear, I tender dearly,
 Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
 Where he sits crowned in his master's spite. —
 Come, boy, with me ; my thoughts are ripe in mischief ;

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
 To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

[*Going.*]

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
 To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[*Following.*]

Oli.

Oli. Where goes Cefario?

Vio. After him I love,

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:

If I do feign, you witnesses above,

Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—

Call forth thy holy father.

Duke. Come, away.

[To VIOLA.

Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cefario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband! Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, firrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,

That makes thee strangle thy propriety:

Fear not, Cefario, take thy fortunes up;

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art

As great as that thou fear'st.—O welcome, father!

Enter Priest.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,

Here to unfold (though lately we intended

To keep in darkness, what occasion now

Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know,

Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,

Confirm'd by mutual joindure of your hands,

Attested by the holy close of lips,

Strengthened by interchangement of your rings;

And all the ceremony of this compact

Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:

Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave

I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,

When time hath sown a grizzle on thy case?

Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,

That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?

Farewell,

Farewell, and take her ; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,——

Oli. O, do not fwear ;

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW, with his head broke

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon ; and send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter ?

Sir And. H's broke my head across, and given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too : for the love of God, your help : I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew ?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cefario : we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cefario !

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is :——You broke my head for nothing : and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby

Vio. Why do you speak to me ? I never hurt you :
You drew your sword upon me without cause ;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me ; I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY, drunk, led by the Clorow.

Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear more :
but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did

Duke. How now, gentleman, how is't with you ?

Sir To. That's all one ; he has hurt me, and there's an end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot ?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir Toby, above an hour ago ; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measure pavin : I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him ? Who hath made this havock with them ?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be drest together.

Sir To.

Sir To. Will you help an afs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave; a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.*]

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;

A natural perspective, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there: I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To VIOLA.*]
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline; Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watry tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimensions grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman as the rest goes even,

I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drown'd Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dy'd that day when Viola from her birth
had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both, |
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lie my maid's weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. So comes it lady, you have been mistook:

[To OLIVIA,

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein by my life deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [To VIOLA,
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings, I will over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,

A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: Fetch Malvolio hither.

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his—
How does he, firrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stove's end, as well as a man in his case may do: h'as here writ a letter to you; I should have given't you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool delivers the madman.—*By the Lord, madam—*

Oli. How now, art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam. I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow
vox.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, Madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, firrah.

[*To FABIAN.*

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it; though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses, as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which, I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*

The madly-used MALVOLIO.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This favours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,
 One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
 Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
 Your master quits you : and, for your service done him,
 So much against the metal of your sex, [To *Viola*.
 So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
 And since you call'd me master for so long,
 Here is my hand ; you shall from this time be
 Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister ?—You are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman ?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same : How now, Malvolio ?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious
 wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio ? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter ;
 You must not now deny it is your hand,
 Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase ;
 Or, say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention :
 You can say none of this : Well, grant it then,
 And tell me in the modesty of honour,
 Why you have given me such clear lights of favour ;
 Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
 To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
 Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people :
 And, acting this in an obedient hope,
 Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
 Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
 And made the most notorious geck, and gull,
 That e'er invention play'd on ? tell me why ?

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
 Though, I confess, much like the character :
 But out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
 And now—I do bethink me, it was she
 First told me, thou wast mad ; then cam'st in smiling,
 And in such forms which here were presupposed
 Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythe, be content :

This

This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee :
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak ;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wendred at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him : Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance ;
In recompence whereof, he hath marry'd her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge ;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool ! how have they baffled thee ?

Clo. Why, *some are born great, some achieve greatness,*
and some have greatness thrown upon them. I was one, Sir,
in this interlude ; one Sir Topaz, Sir ; but that's all one :
—— *By the Lord, fool, I am not mad ;*—— But do you re-
member, madam,—— *Why laugh you at such a barren rascal ?*
an you smile not, he's gegg'd : And thus the whirligig
of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him and intreat him to a peace :—
He hath not told us of the captain yet ;
When that is known, and Golden Time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls :—Mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come ;
For so you shall be, while you are a man ;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

Clown sings.

*When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain, it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves, men shut their gates,
For the rain, &c.*

*But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.*

*But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With tuss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.*

*A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. [Exit.*

THE END.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

Leontes, King of Sicilia.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Mamillius, young prince of Sicilia.
Florizel, Prince of Bohemia.
Camillo,
Antigonus, } Sicilian Lords.
Cleomenes, }
Dion, }
Another Sicilian Lord.
Archidamus, a Bohemian Lord.
Rogero, a Sicilian Gentleman.
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Old-Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his son.
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
Autolycus, a Rogue.
Time, as Chorus.

W O M E N.

Hermione, Queen to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, Wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a Lady.
Two other Ladies.
Mopsa, } Shepherdesses,
Derbas, }
Satyrs for a Dance, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards,
and Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia; sometimes in Bohemia.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Anti-Chamber in LEONTES'S Palace. Enter CAMILLO, and ARCHIDAMUS.

Archidamus.

IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed——

Cam. Beseech you——

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak, as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have
been

been royally attornied, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a Vast; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of oppos'd winds. The heavens continue their loves!—

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child: one that, indeed, physicks the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches, ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Room of State. Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watry star hath been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one, *we thank you*, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them, when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow
No snaping winds at home, to make us say,

"This

"This is put forth too truly." Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then; and in that
I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Prefs me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves; none, none i' the world,
So soon as your's, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to have held my peace,
until .

You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, Sir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay;
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure

[To POLIXENES.

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give you my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gest
Prefix'd for his parting: yet (good deed), Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind:
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

Pol.

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will.

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Tho' you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, "Sir, no going. *Verily*,
"You shall not go;" a lady's *verily* is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go, yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread *verily*,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:

To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lords tricks, and your's, when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the
sun,

And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd,
That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tript silnce.

Pol.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!—
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils. Yet, go on;—
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipt not,
With any but with us.

Leo. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leo. At my request he would not;
Hermione, my dearest, thou ne'er spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leo. Never but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't be-
fore?

I pr'ythee, tell me; cram us with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre, but to the goal.
My last good deed was, to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I speak to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
"I am your's for ever!"

Her. It is *grace*, indeed.
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:

The

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot :—

[*Aside.*

To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me :—my heart dances :
But not for joy— not joy. —This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent : it may, I grant;
But to be padding palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer : oh, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. I'fecks!

Why, that's my bawcock. What? hast smutch'd thy nose?
They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd *neat*. Still virginalling

[*Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.*

Upon his palm?—How, now, you wanton calf,
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I
have,

To be full like me.—Yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs? women say so,
That will say any thing: But were they false,
As o'er dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; false
As dice are to be with'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say, this boy were like me, Come, Sir page,
Look on me with you welkin-eye. Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop!—can thy dam?—may't be?—
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre.
Thou dost make possible things not so held;

I

Communicat'st

Communicat'ft with dreams—(How can this be?)
 With what's unreal; Thou coactive art,
 And fellow'ft nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
 Thou may'ft cojoin with something; and thou do'ft
 (And that beyond commiffion, and I find it,)
 And that to the infection of my brains,
 And hardning of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something feemis unfettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, beft brother?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much diftraction.

Are not you mov'd, my lord?

Leo. No, in good earneft.

How fometimes nature will betray its folly!

Its tendernes; and make itfelf a paitime

To harder bofoms! Looking on the lines

Of my boy's face, methought, I did recoil

Twenty-three years; and faw myfelf unbreech'd,

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled.

Lest it fhould bite its mafter, and fo prove,

As ornament oft does, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,

This quafh, this gentleman. Mine honeft friend,

Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will!—why, happy man be his dole!—My
 brother,

Are you fo fond of your young prince, as we

Do feem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, Sir,

He's all my exercife, my mirth, my matter:

Now my fworn friend, and then mine enemy;

My parasite, my foldier, ftatesman, all:

He makes a July's day fhort as December;

And, with his varying childnefs, cures in me

Thoughts that fhould thiek my blood.

Leo. So stands this squire
 Offic'd with me : We two will walk, my lord.
 And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione,*
 How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome :
 Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap :
 Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
 Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you will seek us,
 We are your's i' the garden : Shall's attend you there ?

Leo. To your own bents dispose you ; you'll be found,
 Be you beneath the sky :—I am angling now,
 Though you perceive me not how I give line

[*Aside, observing HERMIONE.*

Go to, go to !

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him !
 And arms her with the boldness of a wife

[*Exeunt POLIX. HER. and Attendants. Manent LEO.*
MAM. and CAM.

To her allowing husband ! Gone already ;
 Inch-thick, knee-deep ; o'er head and ears—a fork'd
 one.—

Go play, boy, play ;—thy mother plays, and I
 Play too ; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
 Will hiss me to my grave : contempt and clamour
 Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There have
 been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now ;
 And many a man there is, even at this present,
 Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
 That little thinks, she has been sluic'd in his absence ;
 And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
 Sir Smile, his neighbour : nay, there's comfort in't,
 Whiles other men have gates : and those gates open'd,
 As mine, against my will. Should all despair,
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
 Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none :
 It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
 Where 'tis predominant ; and 'tis powerful, think it,

From

From east, west, north, and south. Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly. Know it,
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.

What? Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. Go play, Mamillius:—Thou'rt an honest man.

[Exit MAMILLIUS.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?—

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leo. Didst perceive it?

They're here with me already; whispering, rounding:
Sicilia is a *fo-forth*: 'tis far gone,
When I shall gulf it last. How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the queen's be't: good, should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes,
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Cam. Business, my lord! I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leo. Ha!

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leo. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-counsels; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that, which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!—

Leo. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which boxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent: or else a fool,
That see'st a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allowed infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny't,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Have not you seen Camillo,

But

(But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn), or heard
(For to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute); or thought (for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that does not think it);
My wife is slippery? if thou wilt confess
(Or else be impudently negative,
'To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought); then say,
My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, 'tho' true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would, unseen, be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing:
The covering sky is nothing: Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say, it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord

Leo. It is; you lie, you lie;

I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lowt,, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that

Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
 Inclining to them both : Were my wife's liver
 Infected as her life, she would not live
 The running of one glass

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leo. Why he, that wears her like his medal, hanging
 About his neck ; Bohemia ;—Who, if I
 Had servants true about me ; that bare eyes
 To see alike mine honour, as their profits,
 Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
 Which should undo more doing : Ay, and thou
 His cup-bearer (whom I, from meaner form
 Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship ; who may'st see
 Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
 How I am gall'd), thou might'st be-spice a cup,
 To give mine enemy a lasting wink ;
 Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,

I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
 But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
 Maliciously, like poison. But I cannot
 Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
 So sovereignly being honourable.

Leo. I have lov'd thee,—Make that thy question, and
 go rot ?

Do'st think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
 To appoint myself in this vexation ? fully
 The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
 Which to preserve, is sleep ; which being spotted,
 Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps ;
 Give scandal to the blood o' the prince, my son,
 Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine,
 Without ripe moving to't ? Would I do this ?
 Could man so blench ?

Cam. I must believe you, Sir,

I do, and will fetch off Bohemia for't :
 Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your highness
 Will take again your queen, as your's at first ;
 Even for your son's sake ; and thereby, for sealing

The

The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to your's.

Leo. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down :
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then ; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen : I am his cup-bearer ;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leo. This is all :
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart ;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leo. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[*Exit.*]

Cam. O miserable lady !—But, for me,
What case stand I in ? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes ; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master ; one,
Who in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too—I'o do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't : but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear't. I must
Forfake the court : to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck.—Happy star reign now !
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange ! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak ?—
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal Sir !

Pol. What is the news i' the court ?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,

As

As he had lost some province, and a region
 Lov'd, as he loves himself: even now I met him
 With customary compliment; when he,
 Wasting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
 A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
 So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
 That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not? do you know, and dare not?

Be intelligent to me. 'Tis thereabouts:
 For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
 And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
 Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
 Which shews me mine chang'd too: for I must be
 A party in this alteration, finding
 Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
 Which puts some of us in distemper; but
 I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
 Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?

Make me not fighted like the basilisk:
 I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
 By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,
 As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto,
 Clerk-like experienc'd (which no less adorns
 Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
 In whose success we are gentle); I beseech you,
 If you know aught, which does behove my knowledge
 Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
 In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
 I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
 I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
 Which honour does acknowledge (whereof the least
 Is not this suit of mine), that thou declare,
 What incidency thou dost guess of harm

Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if it be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, *loft*, and so good-night.

Pol. Oñ, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh, then, my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear this thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabric of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you

Shall

Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night.
 Your followers I will whisper to the business;
 And will by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
 Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
 My fortunes to your service, which are here
 By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
 For, by the honour of my parents, I
 Have utter'd truth; which if you seek to prove,
 I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,
 Than one condemned by the king's own mouth;
 Thereon his execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee;

I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
 Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
 Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
 My people did expect my hence departure
 Two days ago — This jealousy
 Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
 Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
 Must it be violent; and, as he does conceive
 He is dishonour'd by a man, which ever
 Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
 In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me:
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
 The gracious queen; part of his theam; but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo,
 I will respect thee as a father, if
 Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
 The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
 To take the urgent hour. Come, Sir, away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Palace. Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, Ladies.

Hermione.

TAKE the boy to you: he so troubles me,
 'Tis past enduring.

3 Lady

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker (yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle.
Or a half moon made with a pen.)

2 Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray now,
What colour are your eye-brows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2 Lady. Hark ye;

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days: and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.

1 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk; Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, Sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you, sit by us,
And tell us a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall it be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good Sir.
Come on, sit down. Come on, and do your best
To fright me with you sprights: you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man——

Her. Nay come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it softly:
Yon' crickets shall not hear it.

Her.

Her. Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, and Lords.

Leo. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way; I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leo. How blest am I

In my just censure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—how accurs'd
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom: for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent hefts;—I have drunk and seen the spider.—
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:
There is a plot against my life, my crown!
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain,
Whom I employ, was pre-employ'd by him:
He hath discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will: How came the posterns
So easily open?

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.—

Give me the boy; [*To HERMIONE.*] I am glad, you did
not nurse him:

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.—

Her. What is this? sport?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her;
Away with him: and let her sport herself
With that she's big with! 'for it is Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not;
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,

Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leo. You, my lords,
 Look on her, mark her well : be but about
 To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
 The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
 'Tis pity, *she's not honest, honourable* ;
 Praise her but for this her without-door form
 (Which on my faith deserves high speech,) and straight
 The shrug, the hum, or ha——these petty brands,
 That calumny doth use : Oh, I am out——
 That mercy does ; for calumny will fear
 Virtue itself.—These shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
 When you have said, *she's goodly*, come between,
 Ere you can say *she's honest* ; But be it known
 (From him, that has most cause to grieve it should be)
 She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
 The most replenish'd villain in the world,
 He were as much more villain ; you, my lord,
 Do but mistake.

Leo. You have mistook, my lady,
 Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing,
 Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
 Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
 Should a like language use to all degrees,
 And mannerly distinguishment leave out
 Betwixt the prince and beggar !—I have said,
 She's an adulteress ;—I have said, with whom ;
 More, she's a traitor ; and Camillo is
 A Federary with her ; and one that knows
 What she should shame to know herself,
 But with her most vile principal, that she's
 A bed-swarver, even as bad as those
 That vulgars give bold't titles ; ay, and privy
 To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
 Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you
 When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
 You thus have publish'd me ? Gentle, my lord,

You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo. No, if I mistake

In these foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top Away with her to prison;
He, who shall speak for her, is far off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns :
I must be patient, 'till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities : but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown : 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me : and so
The king's will be perform'd!—

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me ? 'beseech your high-
ness,

My women may be with me ; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools ;

[*To her Ladies.*]

There is no cause : when you shall know, your mistress
Hath deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out : this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord,
I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women—come ; you have leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding ; hence.

[*Exit Queen, guarded ; and Ladies.*]

Lord. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir ; lest your justice
Prove violence ; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,

Please

Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven, and to you ; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stable where
I lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her ;
Than when I feel and see her, no further trust her ;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my lord——

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves :
You are abus'd, and by some putter on,
That will be damn'd for't ; 'would I knew the villain ;
I would land-damn him : Be she honour flaw'd.
I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven ;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five ;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't ;—By mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all : Fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations : they are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease ; no more ;
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose : i fee't and feel't ;
As you feel doing thus ; and see withal
The instruments that feel. [Striking his brows.]

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty ;
'There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What ? lack I credit !

Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground : and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion ;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this ? but rather follow

Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
 Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
 Imparts this: which, if you (or stupified,
 Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not
 Relish as truth, like us; inform yourselves,
 We need no more of your advice: the matter,
 The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all
 Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
 You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,
 Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be?
 Either thou art most ignorant by age,
 Or thou wert born a fool Camillo's flight,
 Aided to their familiarity
 (Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
 That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,
 But only seeing, all other circumstances
 Made up to the deed,) do push on this proceeding:
 Yet, for a greater confirmation
 (For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
 Most piteous to be wild,) I have dispatch'd in post,
 To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
 Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
 Of stuff'd sufficiency; Now, from the oracle
 They will bring all: whose spiritual counsel had,
 Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leo. Though I am satisfy'd, and need no more
 Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
 Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
 Whose ignorant credulity will not
 Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
 From our free person, she would be confin'd;
 Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
 Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
 We are to speak in public: for this business
 Will raise us all.

Ant.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Prison. Enter PAULINA, and Gentleman.

Paul. The keeper of the prison—call to him:

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Let him have knowledge who I am. Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison? Now, good Sir.

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler.

You know me, do you not?

Gaol. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Gaol. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors! Is it lawful
Pray you to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray you now
Call her: Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Gent.*]

Gaol. And, madam, I must
Be present at your conference.

Paul. Well; be it so, pr'ythee. Here is such ado,

[*Exit Gaoler.*]

To make no stain a stain, as passes colouring.

Enter EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well, as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: On her frights and griefs

(Which never tender lady hath borne greater),
She is something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live : the queen receives
Much comfort in't : says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn :—

These dangerous, unsafe luns o' the king ! beshrew them !
He must be told on't and he shall : the office
Becomes a woman best ; I'll tak't upon me
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister ;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more : Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen :
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest. We do not know,
How he may soften at the sight o' the child ;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue : there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design ;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted.
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it !
I'll to the queen : please you come something nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,

Having

Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, Sir :
The child was prisoner to the womb ; and is-
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd : not a party to
The anger of the king ; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Gaul. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear ; upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [Exeunt]

SCENE III.

*Changes to the Palace. Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS,
Lords, and other Attendants.*

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest :—It is but weak-
ness

To bear the matter thus ; meer weakness, if
The cause were not in being ;—part o' the cause,
She the adultress ;—for the harlot-king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof : but she
I can hock to me : Say, that she were gone,
Gi'en to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there ?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My lord ?

Leo. How does the boy ?

Atten. He took good rest to-night ; 'tis hop'd
His sickness is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his nobleness !
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply ;
Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himself ;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely : go.

Exit Attendant.

See how he fares.—Fy, fy ! no thought of him ;—

The

The very thought of my revenges that way
 Recoil upon me : in himself too mighty ;
 And in his parties, his alliance—let him be,
 Until a time may serve. For present vengeance,
 Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
 Laugh at me ; make their pastime at my sorrow ;
 They should not laugh, if I could reach them ; nor
 Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me :
 Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas !
 Than the queen's life ? a gracious innocent soul,
 More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night ; commanded
 None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good Sir ;
 I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
 That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
 At each his needles heavings :—such as you
 Nourish the cause of his awaking : I
 Do come with words, as med'cinal, as true ;
 Honest, as either ; to purge him of that humour,
 That presses him from sleep.

Leo. What noise there, ho ?

Paul. No noise, my lord ; but needful conference,
 About some gossip for your highness.

Leo. How !—

Away with that audacious lady—Antigonus,
 I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me :
 I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord ;
 On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
 She should not visit you.

Leo. What ? can't not rule her ?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can : in this
 (Unless he take the course that you have done,
 Commit me, for committing honour), trust it,

He

He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now ; you hear !

When she will take the rein, I let her run,
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come——

And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor ; yet that dares
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seems your's. I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leo. Good queen !

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen ! I say, good
queen ;

And would by combat make her good, so were I.
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me. On mine own accord, I'll off ;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter ;
Here 'tis ; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*]

Leo. Out !

A mankind witch ! Hence with her, out o' door :——
A most intelligencing bawd !

Paul. Not so :

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so intitling me ; and no less honest
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leo. Traitors !

Will you not push her out ? give her the bastard.—

[*To ANTIGONUS.*]

Thou dotard, thou art woman-tir'd ; unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard,
Take't up, I say ; give't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou

Tak't

Tak'ſt up the princeſs, by that forced baſeneſs
Which he has put upon't!

Leo. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would, you did: then, 'twere paſt all
doubt

You'd call your children your's.

Leo. A neſt of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any

But one, that's here; and that's himſelf:—For he
The ſacred honour of himſelf, his queen's,
His hopeful ſon's, his babe's, betrays to ſlander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper than the ſwords; and will not
(For as the caſe now ſtands, it is a curſe
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or ſtone was found.

Leo. A callat

Of boundleſs tongue; who late hath beat her husband;
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the iſſue of Prolixenes.
Hence with it; and together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is your's;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe. Behold, my lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, noſe, lip;
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his ſmiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.—
And thou, good goddeſs Nature, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongſt all colours
No yellow in't; leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leo. A groſs hag!—

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd;
That wilt not ſtay her tongue.

Ant.

Ant. Hang all the husbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leo. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll have thee burnt.

Paul. I care not :

It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something favours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.

—Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis your's: Jove send
her

A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you,
So, so: Farewell: we are gone.

[*Exit.*]

Leo. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child! away with't! Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight;
Within this hour bring me word it is done
(And by good testimony), or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go take it to the fire,
For thou sett'st it on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, Sir;

These

These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

Lord. We can. My royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You are liars all.

Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit :
We have always truly serv'd you ; and beseech you
So to esteem of us : And on our knees we beg
(As recompense of our dear services
Past, and to come), that you do change this purpose ;
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel——

[*They kneel.*]

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows :
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father ? better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But be it ; let it live :
—It shall not neither.—You, Sir, come you hither ;

[*To ANTIGONUS.*]

You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life (for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey) : what will you adventure
To save this brat's life ?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose : at least, thus much ;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent : any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible : swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leo. Mark, and perform it ; (seest thou ?) for the fall
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife :
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoy thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out

Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee——
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture——
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this; tho' a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side.
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit, with the Child.*]

Leo. No; I'll not rear

Another's issue.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since. Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

Lord. So please you, Sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretels,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A part of Sicily, near the sea-side. Enter CLEOMENES, and DION, with Attendants.

Cleomenes.

THE climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits
(Methinks, I should so term them), and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!—
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deaf'ning voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey
Prove as successful to the queen (O be't so!)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: When the oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up),
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go—fresh horses;—
And gracious be the issue.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Court of Justice. LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.

Leo. This session, (to our great grief, we pronounce),
Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd,
'The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
—Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!
HERMIONE is brought in guarded; PAULINA, and Ladies, attending.

Leo. Read the indictment.

Offi. *Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
'The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life

Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
 As I am now unhappy; which is more
 Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
 And play'd, to take spectators. For behold me
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
 The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing,
 To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
 As I weigh grief which I would spare: for honour,
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
 And only that I stand for. I appeal
 To your own conscience, Sir, before Polixenes
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
 How merited to be so: Since he came,
 With what encounter so uncurrent I
 Have strain'd, to appear thus? if one jot beyond
 The bounds of honour; or, in act, or will
 That way inclining; hard'ned be the hearts
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
 Cry, Fye, upon my grave!

Leo. I ne'er heard yet
 That any of those bolder vices wanted
 Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
 Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
 Tho' 'tis a saying, Sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
 What comes to me in name of fault, I must not
 At all acknowledge. For Polixenes
 (With whom I am accus'd), I do confess,
 I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd;
 With such a kind of love, as might become
 A lady like me; with a love, even such,
 So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
 Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
 Both disobedience and ingratitude,
 To you and towards your friend, whose love had spoke,
 Even

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was your's. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how : all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man ;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves
(Wotting no more than I), are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not :
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leo. Your actions are my dreams ;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it.—As you were past all shame
(Those of your fact are so), so past all truth ;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails : for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it), so thou
Shalt feel our justice ; in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats ;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity :
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how't went. My second joy,
The first fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murder : Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet ; with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all fashion ;—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,

Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die : Therefore, proceed :
 But yet hear this ; mistake me not ;—No life ;
 I prize it not a straw :—but for mine honour
 (Which I would free), if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon surmises (all proofs sleeping else,
 But what your jealousies awake) ; I tell you,
 'Tis rigour, and not law. Your honours all,
 I do refer me to the oracle ;
 Apollo be my judge.

Enter DION, and CLEOMENES.

Lord. This your request
 Is altogether just ; therefore bring forth,
 And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father :
 Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding
 His daughter's trial ! that he did but see
 The flatness of my misery ; yet with eyes
 Of pity, not revenge !

Offi. You here shall swear upon the sword of justice,
 • That you, Cleomenes, and Dion, have
 Been both at Delphos ; and from thence have brought
 This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
 Of great Apollo's priest ; and that since then
 You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
 Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true
 subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly forgot-
 ten ; and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is
 erst, be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo !

Her. Praised !

Leo. Hast thou read truth ?

Offi. Ay, my lord, even so as it is here set down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i' the oracle :

The session shall proceed ; this is meer falsehood.]

Enter

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord the king, the king!—

Leo. What is the business?

Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.
The prince, your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leo. How! gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice.—How now there?

[*HERMIONE faints.*]

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence:

Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover!

[*Exeunt PAULINA, and Ladies, with HERMIONE.*]

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—

'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

My great prophaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes:

New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:

For being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister, to poison

My friend Polixenes; which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardy'd

My swift command; tho' I with death, and with

Reward, did threaten, and encourage him,

Not doing it, and being done: he (most humane,

And fill'd with honour,) to my kingly guest

Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,

Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard

Of all incertainties himself commended,

No richer than his honour: How he glitters

Through my dark rust! and how his piety

Does my deeds make the blacker!

Enter

Enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!

O, cut my lace; left my heart, cracking it,
Break too!—

Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, haft for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling?
burning

In leads, or oils? what old, or newer, torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine! O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betrayd'st Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but shew thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king: poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,
To be, or none, or little; tho' a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart,
That could conceive, a gross and foolish Sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last—O lords,
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and vengeance
for't
Not dropt down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,

Heat

Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
 As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
 Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
 Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
 In stern perpetual, could not move the gods
 To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
 All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord. Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
 I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't:

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them
 I do repent: Alas, I have shew'd too much
 The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
 To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past help,
 Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
 At my petition, I beseech you; rather
 Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
 Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
 Sir, royal Sir, forgive a foolish woman:
 The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again!—
 I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
 I'll not remember you of my own lord,
 Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,
 And I'll say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speak but well.

When most the truth; which I receive much better
 Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
 To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
 One grave shall be for both. Upon them shall
 The causes of their death appear unto
 Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll visit
 The chapel where they ly: and tears, shed there,
 Shall be my recreation. So long as nature

Will

Will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Bohemia. A desert Country near the Sea. Enter ANTIGONUS with a Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay my lord; and fear,
We have landed in ill time; the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart to be so rid o'the business.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. Come, poor babe; I have heard,
But not believ'd, the spirits of the dead
May walk again; if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes

Became

Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
 Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
 " Since fate, against thy better disposition,
 " Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
 " Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
 " Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
 " There weep, and, leave it crying; and, for the babe
 " Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
 " I pr'ythee, call't. For this ungentle business,
 " Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
 " Thy wife Paulina more:"—And so with shrieks
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect myself; and thought
 This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
 Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
 Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well;

[Laying down the Child.

There ly; and there thy character: there these;

[Laying down a Bundle.

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty
 one,

And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—Poor wretch,
 That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
 To loss, and what may follow!—weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
 The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
 A lullaby too rough: I never saw
 The heavens so dim by day.—A savage clamour!—
 Well may I get aboard—This is the chase,
 I am gone for ever.

[Exit, pursued by a Bear.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three
 and twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for
 there

there is nothing in the *between* but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt this weather? They have scar'd away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will, what have we here? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on's, a barne! a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder! A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure some 'scape: tho' I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry 'till my son come; he hollow'd but even now. Whoa, ho-hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!—

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such fights, by sea, and by land; but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point! Oh, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'm: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hoghead. And then for the land-service—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cry'd to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship; to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it:—But first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them;—And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and

the bear mock'd him; both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not wink'd since I saw these fights: the men are not yet cold under water; nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. 'Would, I had been by to have help'd the old man.

Clo. I would, you had been by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.— [*side.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou meet'st with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a fight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't; so, let's see; it was told me, I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling — Open't: What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to-live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove so. Up with it, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go; Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern, by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.*Enter TIME, as Chorus.**Time.*

I, That please some, try all; both joy and terror
 Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error—
 Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
 To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
 To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
 O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd
 Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
 To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
 To plant and o'erwhelm custom Let me pass
 The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
 Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
 The times, that brought them in; so shall I do
 To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
 The glistering of this present, as my tale
 Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
 I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
 As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
 The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving
 That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
 Gentle spectators, that I now may be
 In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
 I mention here a son o'the king's, which Florizel
 I now name to you; and with speed so pace
 To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
 Equal with wond'ring. What of her ensues,
 I list not prophecy;—But let Time's news
 Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—A shepherd's
 daughter,
 And what to her adheres, which follows after,
 Is the argument of Time: Of this allow,
 If ever you have spent time worse ere now:

If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may.

[Exit.

SCENE I.

The Court of Bobemia. Enter POLIXENES, and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me business, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough consider'd (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son? kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly, noted, he is of late much retired from

court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have consider'd so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise a part of my intelligence. But, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Changes to the country. Enter AUTOLICUS singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,

With, hey! the doxy over the dale,

Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,

With, hey! the sweet birds, O how they sing!

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge:

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The

*The lark, that tirra-lirra chaunts,
Wit, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:
Are summer-fo'gs for me and my aunts,
While we ly tumbling in the hay.*

I have serv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time wore three
pile; but now I am out of service.

*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go most right.
If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the fow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.*

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser
linen. My father nam'd me Autolicus; who, being as I
am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up
of unconsider'd trifles: With die and drab, I purchas'd
this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gal-
lows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way;
beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to
come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clw. Let me see:—Every eleven weather tods; every
tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn,
what comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine— [*Aside.*

Clw. I cannot do't without compters.—Let me see, what
am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast; three pound of
sugar; five pound of currants; rice——what wil. this
sister of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her
mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made
me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-
man-song-men all, and very good ones; but they are
most of them means, and bates; but one puritan among
them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have
saffron, to colour the warden-pies; mace——dates——

A a

none;

none; that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger; but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raisins o' the sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*]

Clo. I' the name of me——

Aut. Oh, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags: and then, death, death!——

Clo. Alack, poor foul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh, Sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, Sweet Sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*]

Aut. Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor foul.

Aut. O good Sir, softly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand.

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet Sir; no, I beseech you, Sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut.

Aut. A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames : I knew him once a servant of the prince : I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipt out of the court

Clo. His vices, you would say ; there's no virtue whipp'd out o' the court : they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, Sir. I know this man well : he hath been since an ape-bearer ; then a process-server, a bailiff ; then he compals'd a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies ; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue : some call him Autolicus.

Clo. Out upon him, prig ! for my life, prig ;—he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-batings,

Aut. Very true, Sir ; he, Sir, he ; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia ; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, Sir, I am no fighter : I am false at heart that way ; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now ?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was ; I can stand, and walk : I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way ?

Aut. No, good-fac'd Sir ; no, sweet Sir.

Clo. Then, farewell, I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Exit.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet Sir !—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too : If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me he unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue !

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily bend the stile-a :

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[Exit.
SCENE

SCENE III.

A Shepherd's Cot. Enter FLOKIZEL, and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life : no shepherdess : but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me ;
Oh pardon, that I name them : your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing : and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom ; I should blush
To see you so attir'd ; sworn, I think,
To shew myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause !
To me, the difference forges dread ; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did : Oh, the fates !
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up ! What would he say ? Or how
Should I in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence !

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,

As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, dear Sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change this
purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: or, I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Tho' destiny say, No. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, Servants; with
POLIXENES and CAMILLO, disguised.*

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fy, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all, serv'd all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here
At upper end o' the table, now, i'the middle:
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,

As if you were a feasted one, and not
 The hostess of the meeting : Pray you, bid
 These unknown friends to us welcome ; for it is
 A way to make us better friends, more known.
 Come, quench your blushes ; and present yourself
 That which you are, mistress o' the feast. Come on,
 And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
 As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sir, welcome !

[*To POL. and CAM.*]

It is my father's will, I should take on me
 The hostessship o' the day : You're welcome, Sir !
 Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend Sirs,
 For you there's rosemary and rue ; these keep
 Seeming, and favour, all the winter long :
 Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
 And welcome to our shearing !

Pol. Shepherdess

(A fair one are you), well you fit our ages
 With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
 Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
 Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season
 Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
 Which some call, nature's bastards : of that kind
 Our rustic garden's barren ; and I care not
 To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
 Do you neglect them ?

Per. For I have heard it said,
 There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
 With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be :
 Yet nature is made better by no mean,
 But nature makes that mean : so, over that art
 Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
 That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
 A gentler scyon to the wildest stock ;
 And make conceive a bark of baser kind
 By bud of nobler race. This is an art

Which

Which does mend nature, change it rather : but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them ;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well ; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me — Here's flowers for you ;
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram ;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises, weeping : these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
'To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas !
You'd be so lean, that blasts of anuary
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fairest
friend,

I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day ; and your's, and your's,
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing : O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon ! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty : violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength (a malady
Most incident to maids) ; gold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The fleur-de-lis being one ! O, these I lack
To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What ? like a corse ?

Per.

Per. No, like a bank, for love to ly and play on;
 Not like a corse : or if—not to be buried,
 But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers;
 Methinks, I play as I have seen them do.
 In Whitfun pastorals : sure, this robe of mine
 Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
 Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
 I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
 I'd have you buy and sell so ; so, give alms ;
 Pray, so ; and for the ordering your affairs,
 To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o'-the sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that : move still, still so,
 And own no other function. Each your doing,
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
 That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
 Your praises are too large : but that your youth
 And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,
 Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd ;
 With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
 You woe'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
 As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
 To put you to't. But, come ; our dance, I pray :
 Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,
 That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
 Ran on the green-sward ; nothing she does, or seems,
 But imacks of something greater than herself,
 Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
 That makes her blood look out : Good sooth, she is
 The queen of curds and cream.

Cle. Come on, strike up.

Der. Mopsa must be your mistress : marry, garlick

To mend her kissing with.——

Mop. Now in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners;

Come, strike up.

Here a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this,
Who dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth: He says, he loves my daughter,
I think so too: for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kifs to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it
That should be silent; if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the
door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe;
no, the bag-pipe could not move you: he sings several
tunes, faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as
he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in.
I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter
merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and
sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no
milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the
prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry (which
is strange,) with such delicate burdens of *dil-do's* and *fa-
dings*: *jump her and thump her*: and where some stretch-
mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and
break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to

answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, flights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i'the rain-bow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambricks, lawns: why, he sings them over, 'as they were gods and goddeses: you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-band, and the work about the square-on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlars that have more in 'em than you'd think, sifter.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLICUS singing.

*Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was cutw;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelets, neck-lace amber;
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy, &c.*

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you : 'may be, he has paid you more ; which will shame you to give him again.

Glo. Is there no manners left among maids ? will they wear their plackets, where they should wear their faces ? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle off these secrets ; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests ? 'Tis well they are whispering. Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Glo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money ?

Aut. And, indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad : therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Glo. Fear not thou, man ; thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, Sir ; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Glo. What hast here ? ballads ?

Mop. Pray now, buy some : I love a ballad in print, or a life ; for then we are sure they are true,

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How an usurer's wife was brought to-bed with twenty money-bags at a burden ; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you ?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying an usurer !

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad ?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Glo. Come on, lay it by ; and let's first see more ballads ; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish that appear'd upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty

thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.——

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

S O N G.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;

Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O whither? *D.* Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell;

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill;

D. If to either, thou do'st ill.

A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me;

Then whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentleman are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.

Aut.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*Aside.*

*Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
And silk, and thread,
And toys for your head
Of the new'st, and fin'st wear-a!
Come to the pedlar;
Money's a medlar,
That doth utter all men's wear-a.*

[*Exit Clown, AUTOLICUS, DORCAS, and MOSA.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there are three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves saltiers: and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gally-maufry of gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four-threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the square.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at the door, Sir.

Here a dance of Twelve Satyrs.

Pol. [*Aside.*] O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—
He's simple, and tells much.—How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something, that doth take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,

And handed love, as you do, I was wont
 To load my she with knacks: I would have ranfack'd
 The pedlar's filken treasury, and have pour'd it
 To her acceptance; you have let him go,
 And nothing marted with him. If your last
 Interpretation should abuse; and call this
 Your lack of love or bounty; you were straited
 For a reply, at least, if you make a care
 Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know,
 She prizes not such trifles as these are:
 The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
 Up in my heart; which I have given already,
 But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life
 Before this ancient Sir, who, it should seem,
 Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand; this hand;
 As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
 Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow
 That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?
 How prettily the young swain seems to wash
 The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—
 But, to your protestation: let me hear
 What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
 Than he, and men; the earth, and heavens, and all:
 That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
 Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
 That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge
 More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
 Without her love: for her, employ them all;
 Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
 Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
 Say you the like to him?

Per.

Per. I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better.
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;—

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be

It the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand,

And, daughter, your's.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while; 'beseech you,

Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest

That best becomes the table: Pray you, once more,

Is not your father grown incapable

Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid

With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?

Lies he not bed-rid? and, again, does nothing,

But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good Sir;

He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,

Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong

Something unfilial: Reason, my son

Should choose himself a wife: but as good reason,

The father (all whose joy is nothing else

But fair posterity) should hold some counsel

In such a business.

Flo.

Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee let him.

Flo. No; he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young Sir,

[*Discovering himself.*]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with——

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and
made

More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt never see this knack (as never
I mean thou shalt), we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far then Deucalion off. Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Tho' full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,

I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it.

[Exit.

Per. Even here, undone!

I was not much affeard : for once, or twice,
I was about to speak ; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt please you, Sir, be gone?

[To FLORIZEL.

I told you, what would come of this. 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care :—this dream of mine—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou die'st.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O Sir,

[To FLORIZEL.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet ; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To ly close by his honest bones : but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.—O cursed wretch!

[To PERDITA.

That knew'st, this was the prince ; and would'st adventure

To mingle faith with him. Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire.

[Exit.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not affeard ; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd : What I was, I am :
More straining on, for plucking back : not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious, my lord,
You know your father's temper ; at this time
He will allow no speech (which I do guess,
You do not purpose to him), and as hardly

Will

Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear :
Then, 'till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo——

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus !
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known !

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith ; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within !—Lift up thy looks—
From my succession wipe me, father ! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am ! and by my fancy ; if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, Sir.

Flo. So call it : but it does fulfil my vow ;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd ; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd : Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he shall miss me (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more), cast your good counsels
Upon his passion ; let myself, and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore ;
And most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold

Shall

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord!

I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita——

I'll hear you by and by.

[To CAMILLO.]

Cam. [*Aside.*] He's irremoveable,
Resolv'd for flight : Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the fight again of dear Sicilia
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo——

I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think,

You have heard of my poor services, i'the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly

Have you deserv'd : it is my father's music
To speak your deeds ; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,

If you may please to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction.
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration) on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As, heavens forefend!) your ruin. Marry her;
And with my best endeavours, in your absence,
Your discontenting father I will strive
To qualify, and bring him up to liking.

Flo.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me.
This follows. If you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight; make for Sicilia:
And there present yourself, and your fair princess
(For so, I see, she must be), 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i'the father's person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him;
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting,
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain
To miseries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be. Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, Sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, oh, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house! how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicily—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know my fortunes
Do all ly there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene, you play, were mine. For instance, Sir,
That you may know you shall not want; one word—

[*They talk aside.*]

Enter AUTOLICUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and, what I saw, to my good use I remember'd. My Clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man), grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his petticoats 'till he had both tune and words! which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and fear'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army. [*CAM. FLO. and PER. come forward.*]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there, So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All, that you speak, shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here? [*Seeing AUTOLICUS.*]
We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now—why hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow? why shak'st thou so?
Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still: here's nobody will steal that
from

from thee; yet for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange; therefore, discase thee instantly, thou must think, there's necessity in't, and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir:—I know ye well enough. [*Aside.*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentleman is half dead already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir?—I smell the trick of it.—— [*Aside.*

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

Fortunate mistress—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliking
The truth of your own seeming; that you may,
For I do fear eyes over you, to ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy——
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat:
Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king [*Aside.*
Of this escape, and whither they are bound:
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight

I have a woman's longing. -

Flo. Fortune speed us! —

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

[*Exit FLO. with PER.*

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exit.*

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. When an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here's more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word; yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could

could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! [*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this farthel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance.—Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement.—How now, rusticks? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there?—what? with whom? the condition of that farthel? the place of your dwelling? your names? your age? of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known? discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie! but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not, on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, *Cap-à-pè*; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, Sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How blest'd are we, that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not
handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical.
A great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking
of's teeth.

Aut. The farthel there: what's i' the farthel?
Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this farthel, and
box, which none must know but the king; and which he
shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech
of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, Sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard
a new ship, to purge melancholy and air himself: For if
thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the
king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, Sir, about his son that should have
married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly;
the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will
break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy,
and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to
him, tho' removed fifty times, shall all come under the
hangman; which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary.
An' old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to
offer to have his daughter come into grace! some say, he
shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I.
Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too
few; the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, Sir, do you hear, an't
like you, Sir?

Aut.

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recover'd again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a south-ward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men), what you have to the king: being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, ston'd, and flay'd alive.—

Shép. An't please you, Sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shép. Ay, Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope, I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the case of the shepherd's son: Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the king, and shew our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn, 'till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side,

side, go on the right-hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blest'd in this man, as I may say even blest'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shep. and Clo.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and the means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Changes to Sicilia. Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and Servants.

Cleomenes.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A faint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass. At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leo. Whilst I remember

Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heir-less it hath made my kingdom; and

Destroy'd

Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord;
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the All that are, took something good,
'To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparrall'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady;
You might have spoke a thousand things, that would
have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers (by his highness' fail of issue)
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?
What, holier, than for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
'Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who on my life,

Did

Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary;
Oppose against their wills.——Care not for issue ;

[*To the King.*]

The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good Paulina,

Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour: O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips!

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth.

No more such wives; therefore no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her fainted spirit
Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage
(Where we offend her now,) appear soul-vert,
And begin, *Why to me?*——

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just such cause.

Leo. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so,

Were I the ghost that walk'd: I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leo. Stars, stars!

And all eyes else, dead coals. Fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leo. Never, Paulina; so be blest'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Leo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye,

Cleo. Good madam, pray, have done.

Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry—If you will, Sir;
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leo. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, 'till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath:
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess (she,
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires
Access to your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leo. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. Oh Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so (but, your writing now
Is colder than that theme;) *she had not been,*
Nor was she to be equal'd; thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.

Gent.

Gent. Pardon, madam ;

The one I have almost forgot (your pardon ;)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else ; make profelytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How ? not women ?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man ; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leo. Go, Cleomenes ;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,

[*Exit CLEOMENES.*]

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children,) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord : there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee, no more ; cease ; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of. Sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.—

Enter FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CLEOMENES, and others.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince ;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him ; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
As your fair princess, goddesses !—Oh ! alas !
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do ! and then I lost

(All mine own folly) the society,
 Amity too of your brave father; whom
 Though bearing misery, I desire my life
 Once more to look on.

Flo. Sir, by his command
 Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
 Give you all greetings, that a king, a friend
 Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
 (Which waits upon worn times), hath something seiz'd
 His wish'd ability, he had himself
 The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
 Measur'd, to look upon you, whom he loves
 (He bade me say so), more than all the sceptres,
 And those that bear them, living.

Leo. Oh, my brother?
 (Good gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee, stir
 Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
 So rarely kind, are as interpreters
 Of my behind-hand slackness! Welcome hither,
 As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
 Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,
 At least, ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
 To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less,
 The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
 She came from Libya.

Leo. Where the warlike Smalus,
 That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal Sir, from thence; from him, whose
 daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
 (A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
 To execute the charge my father gave me,
 For visiting your highness: my best train
 I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
 Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
 Not only my success in Libya, Sir,
 But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
 Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed gods
 Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
 climate here ! You have a holy father,
 A graceful gentleman ; against whose person,
 So sacred as it is, I have done sin :
 For which the heavens, taking angry note,
 Have left me issue-less ; and your father's blest'd
 (As he from heaven merits it), with you,
 Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
 Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
 Such goodly things as you !

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble Sir,
 That which I shall report, will bear no credit,
 Were not the proof so high. Please you, great Sir,
 Bohemia greets you from himself, by me ;
 Desires you to attach his son, who has,
 His dignity and duty both cast off,
 Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
 A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's Bohemia ? speak.

Lord. Here in your city ; I now came from him.
 I speak amazedly ; and it becomes
 My marvel, and my message. To your court
 Whilst he was hastning (in the chase, it seems,
 Of this fair couple), meets he on the way
 The father of this seeming lady, and
 Her brother, having both their country quitted
 With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me ;
 Whose honour and whose honesty, 'till now
 Endur'd all weathers

Lord. Lay't so to his charge ;
 He's with the king your father.

Leo. Who ? Camillo ?

Lord. Camillo, Sir ; I spake with him ; who now
 Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
 Wretches so quake : they kneel ; they kiss the earth ;
 Forswear themselves as often as they speak :

Bohemia

Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh, my poor father!—

The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first;
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leo. That *once*, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry
(Most sorry), you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chace us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. 'Beseech you, Sir,
Remember, since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate. At your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen dy'd, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition

Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: upon which errand

[To FLORIZEL.]

I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Enter AUTOLICUS, and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, Sir, were you present at this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber. Only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd: A notable passion of wonder appear'd in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfill'd: the king's daughter is found; such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 Gent.

3 *Gent.* Most true: if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: That which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding—and many other evidences, proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them: for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands: with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, oh, thy mother, thy mother! then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law: then again worries he his daughter with clipping her. Now he thanks the old shepherd, who stands by, like a weather beaten conduit of many king's reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carry'd hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matters to rehearse, tho' credit be asleep, and not an ear open: he was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

2 *Gent.* Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even

then lost when it was found. But, oh, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled (for mine eyes caught the water, though not the fish), was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confess'd and lamented by the king) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: 'till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bled tears; for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble, there changed colour: some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The princess, hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: He so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born;

born : our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge.
Let's along. [Exeunt.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what : but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me : for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, Sir : You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born : See you these cloaths? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born. You were best say, these robes are not gentleman born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have : but I was a gentleman born before my father : for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince my brother, and the princess my sister, call'd my father, father; and so we wept : and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince, my master.

Shep.

Shep. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands; and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it: and, I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, Sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

PAULINA'S House. Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords and Attendants.

Leo. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign Sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leo;

Leo. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble : but we came
To see the statute of our queen :—Your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities : but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon;
Or hand of man hath done ; therefore keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is : prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death : behold, and say, 'tis well.

[PAULINA draws a curtain, and discovers a statue.

I like your silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder : But yet speak :—First you, my liege.
Comes it not something near ?

Leo. Her natural posture !
Chide me, dear stone ; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione : or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding ; for she was as tender
As infancy, and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled ; nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence :
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her,
As she liv'd now.

Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood ;
Even with such life of majesty (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her !
I am ashamed : Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it ? Oh, royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance ; and
From my admiring daughter took the spirits.

Standing

Standing like stone with thee !

Per. And give me leave,

And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of your's, to kiss.

Paul. Oh, patience ;—

The statue is but newly fix'd ; the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on :
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry ; scarce any joy
Did ever so long live ; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,

Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,

If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine,)
I'd not have shew'd it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't : lest your fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leo. Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it ? see, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd ? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood :

Pol. Masterly done :

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leo. The fixture of her eyes has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain.

My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leo. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together :

No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, Sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but
I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leo. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move, indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
Which I protest against, I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still;
Or those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Musick; awake her; strike. [*Musick.*]
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him

Dear

Dear life redeems you. You perceive, she stirs;

[HERMIONE comes down.]

Start not; her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand;
When she was young, you woo'd her; now in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leo. Oh, she's warm!

[Embracing her.]

If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;

If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady,
Our Perdita is found.

[Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to HERMIONE.]

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how
found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one: I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there

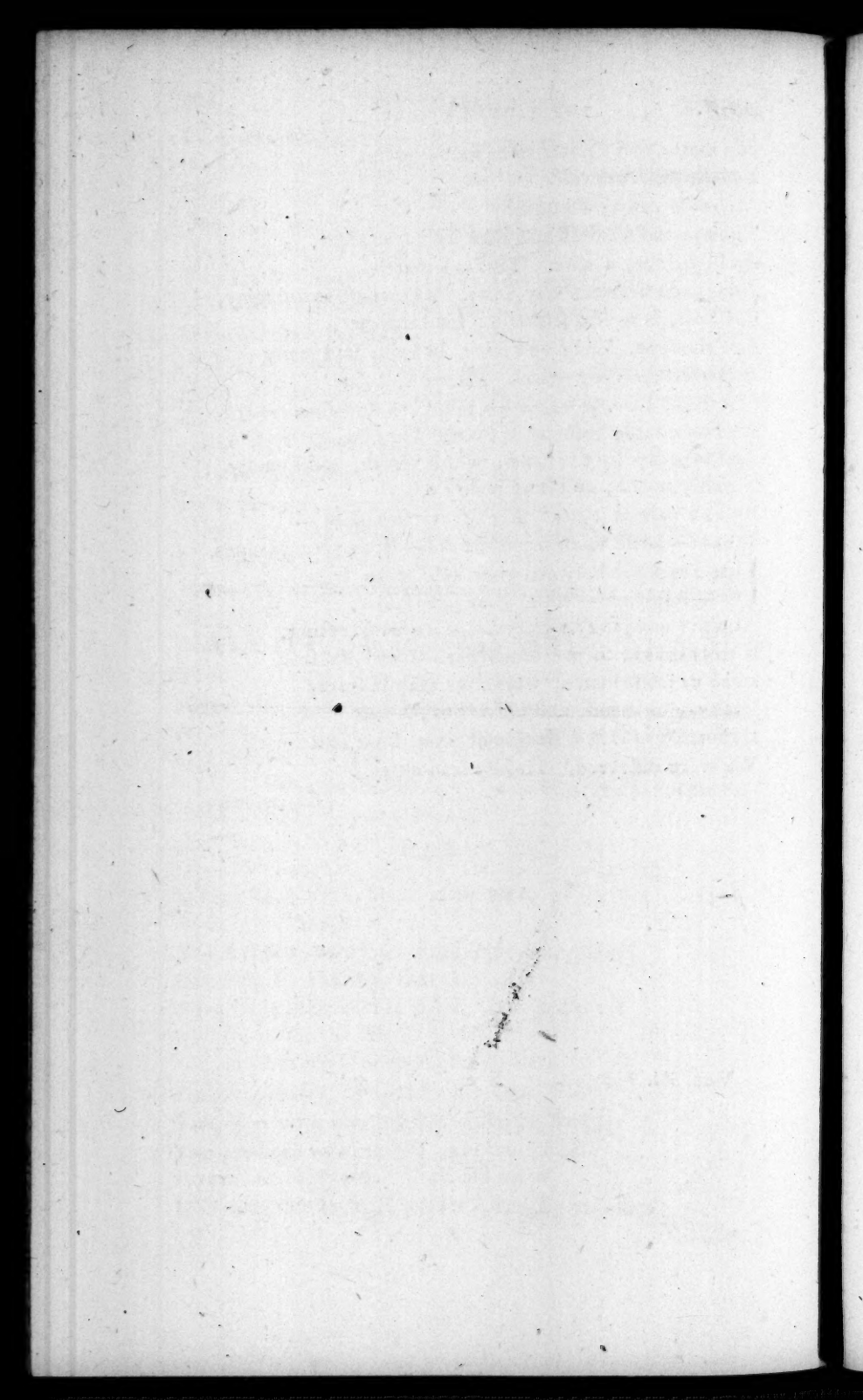
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leo. O peace, Paulina :

Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be question'd : for I saw her,
As I thought, dead ; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand ; whose worth, and honesty
Is richly noted ; and here justify'd
By us a pair of kings. Let's from this place.—
What ?—Look upon my brother ?—Both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This, your son-in-law,
And son unto the king ; who, heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence ; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE END.



TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

Ec 2

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

Duncan, King of Scotland.

Malcolm,

Donalbain,

Macbeth,

Banquo,

Lenox,

Macduff,

Rosse,

Menteth,

Angus,

Cathness,

} Sons to the King.

} Generals of the King's army.

} Noblemen of Scotland.

Fleance, son to Banquo.

Sirward, General of the English forces.

Young *Sirward*, his son.

Seyton, an officer attending on Macbeth.

Son to Macduff. An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Captain. A Porter. An old Man.

W O M E N.

Lady *Macbeth*.

Lady *Macduff*.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

Hecate, and three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

Scene, in the end of the fourth act, lies in England;
through the rest of the play, in Scotland,
and chiefly at Macbeth's castle.

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

I Witch.

WHEN shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won:

3 Witch. That will be ere th' set of sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath:

3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

1 Witch. I come, Gray-malkin!

All. Paddock calls:——Anon.——

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

SCENE II.

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity:——Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou did'st leave it.

Capt. Doubtful it stood;
 As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
 And choke their art. The merciless Macdonel
 (Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
 The multiplying villanies of nature
 Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
 Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supplied;
 And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
 Shew'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:
 For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
 Which smok'd with bloody execution,
 Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,
 'Till he fac'd the slave:
 And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
 'Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops,
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Capt. As when the sun 'gins his reflexion,
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
 So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
 Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
 No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
 Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,
 But the Norway lord, surveying vantage,
 With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this
 Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Capt. Yes;
 As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
 If I say sooth, I must report they were
 As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
 So they
 Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorize another Golgotha,
 I cannot tell;
 But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

King

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons.

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes: So should
he look,

That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,

And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,

Afflicted by that most disloyal traitor

The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict:

'Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,

Confronted him with self-comparisons,

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit: and to conclude,

The victory fell on us;——

King. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now

Swena, the Norway's king, craves composition;

Nor would we deign him burial of his men,

'Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,

Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

King. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive.

Our bosom interest.—Go, pronounce his present death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.*

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht :—*Give me,*
quoth I.

Aroint thee, Witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tyger;
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;

And the very points they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay :
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid :
Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toft.
Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Shew me, shew me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*]

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about ;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine :
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres?—What are these,

So wither'd; and so wild in their attire;
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
 And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
 That man may question?—You seem to understand me,
 By each at once her choppy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—what are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis?

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
 Things that do found so fair?—I' the name of truth,
 Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
 Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner
 You greet with present grace, and great prediction:
 Of noble having, and of royal hope,
 That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not:
 If you can look into the seeds of time,
 And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;
 Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
 Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
 So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
 By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
 But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
 A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
 Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No

No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
 You owe this strange intelligence? or why
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
 With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
 And these are of them: Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted
 As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
 Or have we eaten of the insane root,
 That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
 The news of thy success: and when he reads
 Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend
 Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
 In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
 Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
 Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
 Came post with post; and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
 And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
 To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
 Only to herald thee into his sight,
 Not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
 He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
 In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
 For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb.

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: Why do you
drefs me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—Cousins, a word I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes to my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban.

Ban. Look how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him

Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:—my dull brain was wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn

The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—

Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak

Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Flourish. Enter King, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX,
and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he dy'd
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face :
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin !

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me : thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd ;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine ! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties : and our duties
Are to your throne, and state, children, and servants :
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither :
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so ; let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm ; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland : which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you :

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, [*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

King. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter MACBETH'S Wife alone, with a Letter.

Lady.—They met me in the day of success; and I have
learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than
mortal knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them
further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanish'd.
While I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the
king, who all-bail'd me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title,
before, these weird sisters saluted me, and refer'd me to the com-
ing on of time, with, Hail, king that shalt be! This have
I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness,
that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being igno-
rant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart,
and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,

And

And yet would'st wrongly win : thou'd'st have, great
Glamis,

That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it ;*

And that which rather thou do'st fear to do,

Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;

And chastise with the valour of my tongue

All that impedes thee from the golden round

Which fate aud metaphysical aid doth seem

To have thee crown'd withal. — What is your tidings ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. The king comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it :

Is not thy master with him ? who, wer't so,

Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mef. So please you, it is true ; our thane is coming :

One of my fellows had the speed of him ;

Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more

Than would make up his message.

Lady. Give him tending,

He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,

[Exit Mef.]

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan

Under my battlements. Come, you spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here ;

And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full

Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood,

Stop up the access and passage to remorse ;

That no compunctious visitings of nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keep pace between

The effect, and it ! Come to my woman's breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances

You wait on nature's mischief ! Come, thick night ;

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell !

That my keen knife see not the wound it makes ;

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,

To cry, *Held ! held !* — Great Glamis ! worthy Cawdor !

F f 2 *Enter*

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present time, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Oh, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters:—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear;
Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI.

*Hautboys and torches. Enter King, MALCOLM, DONAL-
BAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS,
and Attendants.*

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty frieze,

Buttress,

Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

King. See, see! our honour'd hostess! —
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house : for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

King. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor : but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us : Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand :
Conduct me to mine host : we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

*Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants
with dishes and service over the stage. Then enter MAC-
BETH.*

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well.

It were done quickly : if the affassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
 With his surcease, success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
 We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor : this even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust :
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off :
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on the other.—How now ! what news ?

Enter Lady.

Lady. He has almost supp'd; why have you left the
 chamber ?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me ?

Lady. Know you not, he has ?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business :
 He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
 Wherein you dress'd yourself ? hath it slept since ?

And

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale—
 At what it did so freely? from this time,
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
 To be the same in thine own act and valour,
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem?
 Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
 Like the poor cat i'the adage.

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man;
 Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beast was it then,
 That made you break this enterprize to me?
 When you durst do it, then you were a man;
 And, to be more than what you were, you would
 Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
 Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
 How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
 And dash'd the brains out,—had I but so sworn
 As you have done, to this.

Macb. If we should fail.—

Lady. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
 (Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
 Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
 That memory, the warder of the brain,
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
 A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures ly, as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
 His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt

Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled; and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE, with a torch before him.

Banquo.

How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword:—There's husbandry in
heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword;—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.
Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at rest? the king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent

Sent forth great largesse to your officers :
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect :
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters :
To you they have shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them :
Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while !

Ban. Thanks, Sir ; the like to you ! *[Exit BANQUO.]*

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. *Exit Ser.*
Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me clutch
thee :—

I have thee not ; and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight ? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind ; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw,
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going ;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest : I see thee still ;

And

And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing;
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep: now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 The very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—While I threat, he lives.
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[A bell rings.]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made
 me bold;
 What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—
 Hark!—Peace!
 It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
 Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
 The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores; I have drugg'd their
 possets,
 That death and nature do contend about them,
 Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [Within.] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,

And

And 'tis not done :—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us :—Hark !—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don't.—My husband ?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed :—Did'st thou not hear
a noise ?

Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry ;
Did not you speak ?

Macb. When ?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended ?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark ! Who lies i' the second chamber ?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cry'd,
murder !

That they did wake each other ; I stood and heard them ;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, *God bless us !* and, *Amen*, the other ;
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen ?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more !*
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep ;
Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, fore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast ;——

Lady.

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, *Sleep no more!* to all the house :
Glamis bath murder'd sleep ; and therefore Caradoc
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more !

Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd? Why, worthy thane,
 You do unbend your noble strength, to think
 So brain-sickly of things :—Go, get some water,
 And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
 Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
 They must lie there : Go, carry them, and smear
 The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more :

I am afraid to think what I have done;
 Look on't again ; I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers : the sleeping, and the dead,
 Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood
 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
 For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking!

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
 What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
 Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
 Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
 The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
 Making the green—one red.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
 To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking [*Knock.*]
 At the south entry :—retire we to our chamber :
 A little water clears us of this deed :
 How easy is it then? Your constancy
 Hath left you unattended.—Hark! more knocking :

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
 And shew us to be watchers :—Be not lost
 So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed—'twere best not know myself.

[*Knock.*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'st!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*] *Port.* Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knock*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, i' the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's fake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: oh, come in, equivocator. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English taylor come hither for stealing out of a French hose: come in, taylor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet? What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose-way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knock.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter.

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, that you do ly so late?

Port. 'Faith, Sir, we were carousing 'till the second cock: and drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore,

VOL. III.

G g

much

much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery : it makes him, and it mars him ; it sets him on, and it takes him off : it persuades him, and disheartens him ; makes him stand to, and not stand to : in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i' the very throat o' me : but I requited him for his lie ; and I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring ?——

Our knocking has awak'd him ; here he comes.

Len. Good-morrow, noble Sir !

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. Good-morrow, both !

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane ?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him ;
I have almost slipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you ;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [Exit MACDUFF.]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day ?

Macb. He does ; he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly : where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down : and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air ; strange screams of death ;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time : the obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night : some say the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. and Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*

Ring the alarum bell:—Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up; up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror!—Ring the bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak.—

Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.—
Dear Duff, I pray thee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality :
All is but toys : renown, and grace, is dead :
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it :
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopt; the very source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had don't :
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows; they star'd, and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and
furious,
Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man :
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser reason. — Here lay Duncan,
His silver-skin lac'd with his golden blood ;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make his love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don.

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady :——

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us;
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macd. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Rosse, with an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:

Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'ts day,
And yet dark night trangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A faulcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange and
certain),
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
'Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff;

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, Sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody
deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled: which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thrifless ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd.

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colme's-kill;
The sacred flore-house of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there;—
adieu!—

Left our old robes fit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter BANQUO.

THOU hast it now; King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings: if there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine),
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? but, hush; no more.

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH as King; Lady MACBETH, LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, and attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,

And

And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, Sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your highness'
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper; go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse; Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.— [Exit BANQUO.

Let every man be master of his time
'Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
'Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.

[Exeunt Lady MACBETH, and Lords.]

Sirrah a word with you: attend those men our pleasure?

Ser. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—To be thus is no-
thing; [Exit Servant.

But

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep : and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd : 'tis much he dares ;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he,
Whose being I do fear : and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd ; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him ; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings :
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind ;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd ;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings !
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance !—Who's there ?—

Re-enter Servant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Servant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches ? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune ; which, you thought had been
Our innocent self ; this I made good to you
In our last conference, past in probation with you ;
How you were borne in hand ; how cross ; the instru-
ments ;
Who wrought with them ; and all things else, that might,
'To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd.

Say,

Say, Thus did Banquo.

I Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospel'd,
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

I Mur. We are are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue you go for men :
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs; the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike; and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it :
And I will put that business in your bosoms;
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

I Mur. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine : and in such bloody distance,

That

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life : and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it ; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall,
Whom I myself struck down : and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love ;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

I Mur. Though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this
hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves ;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't ; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace ; always thought,
That I require a clearness : and with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour : resolve yourselves apart ;
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight ; abide within.
It is concluded :—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Lady MACBETH, and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from court ?

Serv. Ay, madam ; but returns again to-night.

Lady.

Lady. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*]

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it,
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to ly
In restless ecstasy.—Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Lady. Come on; gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love;
And so, I pray, be you: let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo; present him eminence, both
With eye and tongue: unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife;

I

Thou

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, live.

Lady. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are affailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shar'd-borne beetle, with his drowfy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
'Till thou applaud the deed. Come, feeling night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter three Murderers.

1 Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

3 Mur. Macbeth.

2 Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 Mur. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 Mur. Hark! I hear horses.

[*Banquo within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

2 Mur. Then it is he; the rest

That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, with a torch.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*They assault BANQUO.*]

Ban. Oh, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'st revenge ——— Oh slave!

[*Dies.* FLEANCE escapes—

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady, ROSSE,
LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first,
And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome

Enter first Murderer to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts
thanks: ———

Both

Both sides are even; here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's, then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats; yet he's
good

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Most royal Sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
'To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.]

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed, were best at home;
From thence, the fauce to meat is ceremony:
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of BANQUO, and sits in MACBETH's place.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your
highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou can'st not say I did it: never shake
Thy goary locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how
say you!——

Why, what care I? If thou can'st nod, speak to——
chancel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back; our monuments

shall

Shall be the maws of kites.

Lady. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;

Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,

That, when the brains were out, the man would die,

And there an end: but now, they rise again,

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools: this is more strange

Than such a murder is.

Lady. My worthy lord,

Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends:

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;

Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine, fill full:—

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Re-enter Ghost.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;

Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,

And all to all.

Lords. Our duties and the pledge.

Macb. Avant! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide
thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with!

Lady. Think of this, good peers,

But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;

Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,

The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves

Shall never tremble, or, be alive again,

And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
 If trembling I inhabit, then protest me
 The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
 Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,
 I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good
 meeting
 With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
 And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
 Without our special wonder? You make me strange
 Even to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I think you can behold such fights,
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,
 When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What fights, my lord?

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and
 worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good-night:—
 Stand not upon the order of your going,
 But go at once.

Len. Good-night, and better health
 Attend his majesty.

Lady. A kind good-night to all! [*Exeunt Lords.*]

Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will have
 blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
 Augurs, and understood relations, have
 By maggot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
 'The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his per-
 son,

At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you send to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
 There's not a one of them, but in his house
 I keep a servant fee'd: I will to-morrow,
 (And betimes I will), unto the weird sisters:

More

More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go-o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep; my strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use: —
We are yet but young in deed. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting HECATE.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecat'? you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done,
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spightful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide;
Your charms, and every thing beside:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon

There

There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground :
 And that, distill'd by magic flights,
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,
 As, by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion :
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear ;
 And you all know, security
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy. [*Music and a Song.*
 Hark, I am call'd ; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.*

I *Witch.* Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back
 again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter LENOX, and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
 Which can interpret further : only, I say,
 Things have been strangely borne : the gracious Duncan
 Was pitied of Macbeth :—marry, he was dead :—
 And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late ;
 Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,
 For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
 Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
 It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
 To kill their gracious father ? damned fact !
 How it did grieve Macbeth ! did he not straight,
 In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep ?
 Was not that nobly done ? ay, and wisely too ;
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
 To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
 He has borne all things well : and I do think,
 That, had he Duncan's sons under his key.

(As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff is gone
To pray the holy king, upon his aid,
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward;
That, by the help of these (with Him above
To ratify the work) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country,
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.*Thunder Enter three Witches.**I Witch.***T**HREE the brinded cat hath mew'd.*2 Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.*3 Witch.* Harper cries:—'tis time, 'tis time.*I Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'n entrails throw.—

Toad, that under the cold stone,

Days and nights hath thirty-one,

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

I Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of new't, and toe of frog,

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;

Witches' mummy: maw, and gulf,

Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;

Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;

Liver of blaspheming Jew:

Gall of goat, and slips of yew,

Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;

Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;

Finger of birth-strangled babe,

Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,

Make the gruel thick and slab:

Add

Add thereto a tyger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and other three Witches.

Hec. Oh, well done! I commend your pains:
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

MUSICK and a Song.

*Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warder's heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even 'till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 Witch. Speak,

2 Witch.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'd'st rather hear it from our mouths,

Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly show.

[*Thunder.*

1st Apparition, an armed head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown pow'r,——

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Mac-
duff!

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Enough.

[*Descends.*

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:—But one word
more——

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first.

[*Thunder.*

2d Apparition, a bloody Child.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!——

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

[*Descends.*

Macb. Then live, Macduff, what I need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder——What is this,

[*Thunder.*

3d Apparition,

3d Apparition, a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.
That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [Descends.

Macb. That will never be;
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; tell me (if your art
Can tell so much), shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfy'd: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! let me know:—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[Hautboys.

1 Witch. Shew!

2 Witch. Shew!

3 Witch. Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

[A shew of eight Kings, and BANQUO; the last with
a glass in his hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does fear mine eye balls:—And thy air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags:
Why do you shew me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?—
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shews me many more : and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry ;
Horrible fight !—Now, I see, 'tis true ;
For the blood bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What ? is this so ?

I *Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is so :—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly ?—

Come, sisters cheer we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights ;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round :
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Musick*

[*The Witches dance and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they ? Gone ?—Let this pernicious
hour

Stand aye accursed in the calender !
Come in, without there !

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will ?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters ?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you ?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride ;
And damn'd all those that trust them !—I did hear
The galloping of horse : who was't came by ?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England ?

Macb. Fled to England ?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits :
The flighty purpose never is o'er-took.
Unless the deed go with it : from this moment
The very firflings of my heart shall be
The firflings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done :
The castle of Macduff, I will surprize :

Seize

Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortune souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more fights!—Where are these gentlemen!
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter MACDUFF's Wife, her Son, and ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:

His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz',
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward

To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird, thou'dst never fear the net nor
lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not
set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a fa-
ther?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet
i'faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must
be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there
are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men,
and hang up them.

L. Macd.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! but how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage:
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. *[Exit Messenger.]*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly; why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband!

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg?
Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you.

[Exit L. MACDUFF, crying murder.]

SCENE III.

England. Enter MALCOLM, and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom; Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but some-
thing
You may deserve of him through me: and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge, but I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my
doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife, and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,

But

But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee!—Wear thou thy
wrongs,

His title is affear'd!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: In whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd,
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up

The

The cistern of my lust ; and my desire
 All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
 That did oppose my will : better Macbeth,
 Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance

In nature is a tyranny : it hath been
 The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
 And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
 To take upon you what is yours : you may
 Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
 And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
 We have willing dames enough ; there cannot be
 That vulture in you, to devour so many
 As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
 Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this there grows,

In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
 A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
 I should cut off the nobles for their lands ;
 Desire his jewels, and this other's house :
 And my more-having would be as a fauce
 To make me hunger more ; that I should forge
 Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
 Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice

Sticks deeper : grows with more pernicious root
 Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
 The sword of our slain kings ; yet do not fear ;
 Scotland hath foyfens to fill up your will,
 Of your mere own ; all these are portable,
 With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none : The king-becoming graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
 I have no relish of them ; but abound
 In the division of each several crime,
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,

Up roar

Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most fainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Often upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains, hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,

All ready at a point, was setting forth :
 Now we'll together ; and the chance, of goodness,
 Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you silent ?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well ; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I
 pray you ?

Doct. Ay, Sir ; there are a crew of wretched souls
 That stay his cure : their malady convinces
 The great assay of art ; but, at his touch,
 Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
 They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit.*

Macd. What's the disease he means ?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil :
 A most miraculous work in this good king ;
 Which often, since my here remain in England,
 I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
 Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,
 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
 Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken,
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves
 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
 That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here ?

Mal. My countryman ; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now ; good God, betimes remove
 The means that make us strangers !

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Rosse. Alas, poor country ;

Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot

Be

Be call'd our mother, but our grave ; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy : the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom ; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true !

Mal. What is the newest grief ?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife ?

Rosse. Why, well,

Macd. And all my children ?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

Rosse. No ; they were all at peace when I did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech ; how goes it ?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :
Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither : gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men ;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like ! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What concern they ?
The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief,

Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven! ———

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted;
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—Oh, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop!

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,

Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. Oh, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length fet him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long, that never finds the day. [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doctor.

I HAVE two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive
no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen
her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her,
unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon
it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed;
yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at
once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.
In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other
actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard
her say?

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one having no wit-
ness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doc. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually: 'tis her command.

Doc. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doc. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this, a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doc. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two; Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him!

Doc. Do you mark that?

Lady. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that my lord, no more o' that: you mar all this with starting.

Doc. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she hath known.

Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doc. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doc. Well, well, well——

Gent. Pray God, it be, fir.

Doc.

Doc. This disease is beyond my practice : Yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown ; look not so pale :—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried ; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doc. Even so ?

Lady. To bed, to bed ; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand ; what's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed

[*Exit. Lady.*]

Doc. Will she go now to bed ?

Gent. Directly.

Doc. Foul whisperings are abroad : unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles : infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all ! Look after her ;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her :—So, good-night :
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight :
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good-night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Drum and colours. Enter MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them : for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them ; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother ?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not : I have a file

Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunfinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt marching.*]

SCENE III.

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
'Till Birnam wood remove to Dunfinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd me thus:

Fear

*Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power upon thee.—Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.*

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

Ser. There is ten thousand——

Macb. Geese, villain!

Ser. Soldiers Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What foldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What foldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at heart,

When I behold——Seyton, I say!——This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my May of life
Is fall'n into the fear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not,
Seyton!——

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my flesh be
hack'd.——

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet,

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round:

Hang those that talk of fear.— Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?

Doc. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that :

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doc. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on ; give me my staff :—
Seyton, send out.— Doctor, the thanes fly from me :
Come, Sir, dispatch :—If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say —
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence ?—Hearest thou of them?

Doc. Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till Birnam forest come to Dunfinane.

Doc. Were I from Dunfinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Dum and Colours. Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MAC-
DUFF, SIWARD'S Son, MENTETH, CATNESS, ANGUS,
and Soldiers marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,
That

That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing,

Sirv. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every foldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Sirv. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunfinane, and will endure
Our setting down befor't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope :
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious foldiership.

Sirv. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate :
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate :
Towards which, advance the war. [Exeunt marching,

SCENE V.

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, with Drums and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come* : Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them ly.
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up :
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,

And

And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[*A cry within of women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell off hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have sapt full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing——

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

Mef. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which, I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say, Sir.

Mef. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave!

[*Striking him.*]

Mef. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth,

I care not if thou do'st for me as much.—
 I pull in resolution; and begin
 To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
 That lies like truth: *Fear not, 'till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane!—and now a wood
 Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!—
 If this, which he avouches, does appear,
 There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.
 I gin to be a-weary of the sun,
 And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
 Ring the alarum bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
 At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, and their army with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw
 down,
 And shew like those you are: You, worthy uncle,
 Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
 Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
 Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
 According to our order.

Sir. Fare you well.—
 Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
 Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all
 breath,
 Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
 [*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have ty'd me to a stake; I cannot fly,
 But,

But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[Fight; and young SIWARD is slain.]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. *[Exit.]*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, shew thy face;
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their slaves; either thou Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheath again undecided. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited: Let me find him, fortune! and
More I beg not. *Exit. Alarum.*

Enter MALCOLM and Old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, Sir, the castle.

*[Exeunt. Alarum.
Re-enter]*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee :
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword : thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out ! *[Fight. Alarum.*

Macb. Thou lovest labour :
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed :
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm ;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man !
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense ;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole ; and under writ,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunfinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,

Yet

Yet I will try the last : Before my body
 I throw my warlike shield ; lay on, Macduff :
 And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough.*
[Exeunt fighting. Alarums.]

Re-enter fighting, and MACBETH is slain.

Retreat and flourish. Enter with drum and colours, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, ROSSE, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss, were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off : and yet, by these I see,
 So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt :
 He only liv'd but till he was a man ;
 The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,
 But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead ?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field : your cause of
 sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
 It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before ?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he !
 Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
 I would not wish them to a fairer death :
 And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
 And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more ;
 They say, he parted well, and paid his score :
 And so, God be with him !—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head.

Macd. Hail, king ! for so thou art : behold where
 stands

The usurper's curst head : the time is free :

I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland! [*Flourish*]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands,
Took off her life;—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish*. *Exeunt*.]

THE END.

The following Scenes are not in the original Copies, but
have been introduced in Representation, and set to Mu-
sic by Mr LOCKE, with Alterations by Dr ARNE.

=====

[AT THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.]

*The SCENE changes to a Wood. Thunder and Lightning.
Enter several Witches, and sing.*

I Witch.

SPEAK, sister,—is the deed done?

2 Witch. Long ago, long ago;
Above twelve glasses since have run.

3 Witch. Ill deeds are seldom slow,
Or single, but following crimes on former wait.

4 Witch. The worst of creatures safest propagate,
Many more murders must this one ensue;

Dread horrors still abound,

And ev'ry place surround,

As if in death were found

Propagation too.

2 Witch. He must!

3 Witch. He shall!

4 Witch. He will spill much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

Chor. He will, he will spill much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

1 Witch. Now let's dance.

2 Witch. Agreed.

3 Witch. Agreed.

4 Witch. Agreed.

All. Agreed.

Chor. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.
When cattle die, about, about we go;

When

When lightning and dread thunder
Rend stubborn rocks in sunder,
And fill the world with wonder,
What should we do?

Chor. Rejoice—we should rejoice,
When winds and waves are warring,
Earthquakes the mountains tearing,
And monarchs die despairing,
What should we do?

Chor. Rejoice—we should rejoice.

I.

1 *Witch.* Let's have a dance upon the heath,
We gain more life by Duncan's death.

2 *Witch.* Sometimes like brinded cats we shew,
Having no music but our mew,
To which we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel,
To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,

Chor. Where still the mill-clack does keep time.

II.

Sometimes about a hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we;
Thither the chirping crickets come,
And beetles sing in drowsy hum;
Sometimes we dance o'er ferns or furze;
To howls of wolves, or barks of curs;
Or, if with none of these we meet,

Chor. We dance to th' echoes of our feet.

Chor. At the night-raven's dismal voice,
When others tremble we rejoice,
And nimbly, nimbly, dance we still
To th' echoes from a hollow hill.

[END OF THE FIFTH SCENE IN THE THIRD ACT.]

Witches within.

Witch. Hecate, Hecate,—come away.

Hec. Hark, hark, I'm call'd,
My little merry airy spirit see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and waits for me.

Witch. Hecate, Hecate, Hecate.

[*Within*

Hec. Thy chirping voices I hear;
So pleasing to my ear.
At which I post away,
With all the speed I may.
Where's Puckle?

Enter Witches.

Witch. Here.

Hec. Where Stradling?

Witch. Here.

And Hopper too, and Hellway too.
We want but you, we want but you.

3 *Witch.* Come away, come away, make up th' account.

Hec. With new-fall'n dew,
From church-yard yew,
I will but 'noint, and then I'll mount.
Now I'm furnish'd for my flight.

[*Symphony, whilst Hecate places herself in the machine.*

Now I go, and now I fly,
Malkin my sweet spirit and I.

O what a dainty pleasure's this,
To sail in the air,

When the moon shines fair,

To sing, to dance, to toy and kiss,
Over woods, high rocks and mountains;

Over hills and misty fountains;

Over steeples, tow'rs, and turrets,

We fly by night 'mong troops of spirits.

Chor. We fly by night 'mong troops of spirits.



